

THE LIVING AGE.

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SIR ROBERT'S SAILOR SON.

OUR England hath no need to raise

The Ghosts of Glories gone;

Such Heroes dying in our days

Still toss the live torch on.

Brave blood as bright a crimson gleams,

Still burns as goodly a zeal;

The old heroic radiance beams

In Men like William Peel.

Oh, he was just a warrior for

A weary working day!

So kind in peace, so stern in war,

He walkt our English way,

With beautiful bravery clothed on,

And such high moral grace;

A light of rare soul-armor shone

Out of his noble face.

How, like a Battle brand red-hot,

His spirit grew, and glowed,

When in his swift war Chariot

The Avenger rose, and rode!

His Sailors loved him so on deck,

So cheery was his call,

They leapt on land, and in his wake

Followed him, Guns and all.

Sleep, Sailor darling, leal and brave,

With our dead Soldiers sleep!

That so, the land you lived to save,

You shall have died to keep.

You might have wished the dear Sea-blue

To have folded round your breast;

But God had other work for you,

And other place of rest.

We tried to reach you with our wreath

When living, but, laid low,

You grow so grand! and after death

The dearness deepens so!

To have gone so soon, so loved to have died,

So young to wear that crown,

We think. But with such thrills of pride

As shake the last tears down.

God rest you, gallant William Peel,

With those whom England leaves

Scattered,—as still she pines her steel,—

But God gleans up in sheaves.

We'll tell the tale on land, on board,

Till Boys shall feel as Men,

And forests of hands clutch at this Sword

Death gives us back again.

—*Athenæum*.

GERALD MASSEY.

SHADOWS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

ON the pictur'd wall most grimly

Flaunt the shadows to and fro;

Clearly now, and now all dimly,

Fretful on the arras show.

Bolder as the firelight's clearer,

Weaker as it falls and wanes—

Now the statued alcove nearer,

Now athwart the blazon'd panes.

Thus they come, and thus they go,

Looming—lapsing—to and fro.

As I gaze, each shadow taking

From my fancy outline quaint,

Seems a world phantastic making,

Such as Callot lov'd to paint.

Now a nodding plume before me

Tops some huge and monstrous crest;

Now a giant arm sweeps o'er me,

Idly smites me on my breast!

Thus they come, and thus they go,

Looming—lapsing—to and fro.

Now the battle heaves about me,

Serried ranks in order wheel:

Now the maddest goblins flout me—

Now the grim Bacchantes reel!

Mighty woods no sun can brighten,

Seem astir with sudden breeze;

Rolling waters seethe and whiten,

Wrathful swell the winter seas.

Thus they come, and thus they go,

Looming—lapsing—to and fro.

O'er the pictur'd wall they wander,

Changeful shadows to and fro,

While the flame-spire rises yonder,

Fifful on the arras show.

Bolder as the firelight's clearer,

Weaker as it falls and wanes;

Now the statued alcove nearer,

Now athwart the blazon'd panes.

Thus they come, and thus they go,

Soon forgot the spectral show!

So the fire of some great passion

Shining on the Heart's still Deep,

Strangest shadows aye will fashion,

Spirits rouse from life-long sleep.

All the Old Time's memories waken

In the fierce but fleeting light.

Soul! thus in thy weakness taken,

Dost thou shudder at the sight?

Hah, hah, they come—hah, hah, they go!

Soon forgot the spectral show!

THE LILACS.

THAT was a right joyous season!

Sang the thrush outside the room,

Crept the fragrance through the window,

For the lilacs were in bloom.

One could sit and read and listen,

Half in sunshine, half in gloom—

Sunlight sweetest, shadow softest,

Where the lilacs were in bloom.

As in some Italian grotto,

When one listens for the sea,

And there comes but sweet-breathed silence,

In itself a melody:

So one waited for one's fancies,

There to murmur words of thought;

But the languid, loving brightness,

With no spirit-sound was fraught.

There was silence in the fragrance,

In the sunshine, in the gloom,

In the rest and in the gladness,

Where the lilacs were in bloom.

Sometimes in the garden trembled

Voices like a lullaby;

Sometimes village churchbells blended

Nigh and far, and far and nigh;

But within that chamber's shadow,

In the book-disordered room,

There was sweet unruffled silence

When the lilacs were in bloom.

EDWARD FOX.

From The Saturday Review.

MR. CARLYLE.*

FEW of the cheap reprints of the books of popular authors which have of late become so common, will attract more attention or enjoy greater popularity than the collected edition of Mr. Carlyle's writings. With those who admire him most, he enjoys a reputation which is almost mystical. To numberless young and ardent readers, his writings have come as the announcement of a new gospel; nor can any one read them without a very deep interest in the books, and a very sincere feeling of respect for the author. Perhaps all books may be ranged under two heads—those which assume, and those which seek to establish, principles; and if the former are both more interesting and more practically important than the latter, after a certain early period of life, it cannot be denied that the influence of the latter, acting at the most susceptible and impressible age, is both wider and deeper. It is the great peculiarity of Mr. Carlyle's books that, from first to last, they are all principle. There is hardly any detail in them, or, if there is any, it is comparatively unimportant. It is his ambition in every case to go to the heart of the matter—to set before his reader what is vital and essential, and to leave on one side all the mere husks and shells of history, biography, politics, theology, or criticism. The object is a common one with men of any real artistic power, but we doubt whether any one ever effected it so completely. Mr. Carlyle has hardly ever written a page, however insignificant the subject of it may be, which does not bear upon it the stamp of his own character in a manner almost unexampled. He has spent his life in a protest against the Dryas dusts both of politics and of literature. If people want information about matters of fact, they must go elsewhere. If they want a vivid picture of the fact as Mr. Carlyle saw it, or a vehement set of consequences drawn therefrom, they will nowhere else find any thing so vivid. Mr. Carlyle's whole career and present position appear to us to embody more fully than those of any other man the especial advantages and disadvantages of the literary temperament—the turn of mind which leads its possessors to sit on a hill retired and make remarks upon men and things in-

stead of taking part in the common affairs of life. We do not mean to say that he has not—for we think he has—a very warm sympathy for, and interest in, the race to which he belongs in all the phases of its existence; but he is emphatically a preacher, and not an actor—amongst certain classes of society, far the most popular preacher to which this generation has listened. His performances may be looked upon from two points of view, one of which regards their artistic and the other their dogmatic value. We will offer a few observations on his position under each of these heads.

Regarded as works of art, we should put the best of Mr. Carlyle's writings at the very head of contemporary literature. To take a single example—it is impossible to mention any modern book which can for an instant be compared, in some of the very highest literary excellences, to his *History of the French Revolution*. It is difficult to describe what our readers already know so well in such a way as to throw any new light on the subject, but we may perhaps succeed to some extent in doing so, by recommending them to compare it with the large work of Sir Archibald Alison. The one passes at once from the intellect and from the memory, leaving no other impression behind than that of an obscure, angry, blustering sermon, diversified here and there by good descriptions of battles and massacres, but for the most part little better than a howling wilderness, haunted by the Sinking Fund and other spectral appearances. The other gives us a series of pictures and portraits so distinct, and so life-like, that they make it almost impossible to remember the scenes which they describe through any other medium. For our own part, we cannot deny that no other Robespierre will ever, as Mr. Carlyle himself would say, be possible for us, than the Robespierre who seemed to him "the meanest" of all the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*:

"That anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles. His eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face snuffing dimly the uncertain future times; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar color, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. . . . A strict-minded, strait-laced man . . . whose small soul, transparent, wholesome-looking as small ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent

* *Collected Works of Thomas Carlyle*. 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

alegar, the mother of ever new *alegar*, till all France were grown acetous virulent?"

It is not perhaps easy to say why, but such sentences give the impression that there is nothing more to be said on the subject. Reams of description would only weaken them; and it would be impossible for any one who had once sincerely relished and appreciated the picture which they draw to form any other satisfactory notion of the person whom they describe. The same might be said of every chapter, and almost every page, of this extraordinary book. With hardly any argument or reflection, it gives, by mere force of style, at once a picture and a theory of the French Revolution. The ages of misgovernment and corruption which laid the train, the wild heap of Gallic gunpowder on which the spark fell, and the final explosion, are described with just enough detail to be characteristic, and just enough generality to mark the vastness of the event. No one but a man of real and great genius could have done this. The tone in which the book is written is perhaps the most wonderful and characteristic part of it. Without levity, and without bitterness, the grotesque and somewhat contemptible aspect of the whole business is brought out with wonderful force. No such tragi-comedies are to be found in the language as the accounts of the flight to Varennes, the insurrection of the women, the taking of the Bastille, and the innumerable takings of oaths, Feasts of Reason, of the Supreme Being, and of we know not what else, which are the most characteristic evidence with which history supplies us of the silliest, if not the worst, features of French national character.

The book is not less remarkable as a portrait than as a picture gallery. It illustrates perhaps even better than the lectures on Hero-Worship the method by which Mr. Carlyle proceeds in estimating character. He forms to himself a conception of the man as a living whole. He tries, to use the old scholastic phrase, to see, not his qualities, but his quiddity, and he seldom fails to put before his readers a picture far more vivid than almost any picture which any novelist or poet ever drew. Perhaps as good an illustration of this as could be mentioned may be found in a comparison of the Cagliostro of Mr. Carlyle with the Joseph Balsamo of the *Mémoires d'un Médecin*. Mr. Carlyle's

conception is as much superior in art, in possibility, in life, and spirit, to M. Dumas', as Sir Walter Scott's Puritans are superior to the absurd caricature of Felton, which is introduced into the *Vingt Ans Après*. The same praise must be bestowed on nearly every portrait which Mr. Carlyle has drawn. The genius with which he has as it were evolved Cromwell from his speeches and correspondence is altogether wonderful, and it is hardly too much to say that his book on the subject has given the first example of a species of biography which in intrinsic value is superior to any other yet discovered. The moral tone of Mr. Carlyle's biographies enlists his readers' sympathy as much as their intellectual excellences excite their admiration. Nothing in the main can be kinder, gentler, or more honest, than the spirit in which he judges even those whom he least likes. Even the worst of men are not described without a touch of sympathy. Louis XV. and Philippe Egalité themselves are condemned with an appreciation of their peculiar temptations, and nothing can exceed the fairness with which any redeeming point—either in conduct, or even in speech, is recognised and insisted on. No one, we think, can have studied Mr. Carlyle's writings without feeling a strong personal liking for him. If he is the most indignant and least cheerful of living writers, he is also one of the wittiest and the most humane.

When we turn from the artistic to the dogmatic point of view, our admiration of Mr. Carlyle's genius is very greatly modified indeed. That he has done some good, and even considerable good, we willingly admit; but he has done it, as we think, almost entirely by the vigorous manner in which he has preached doctrines in the truth of which all the world agree with him, whilst such of his views as are peculiar to himself appear to us to be to a great extent false and mischievous, not only in respect of their substance, but also in respect of the style in which they are brought forward. A very large proportion of his most effective writings consists almost entirely of the inculcation of duties and virtues which have always been acknowledged as such, and with respect to which he can claim no higher merit than that of recognizing at first hand, and in an original manner, the fact that they are virtues. His vehement praises of truth, of fact, of earnestness—his

doctrine that work is worship—and his denunciation of cant, of semblances, and of shams, is only an amplification of those clauses in the catechism which say that our duty to our neighbor enjoins us, amongst other things, to be true and just in all our dealings, to learn and labor truly to get our own living, and to do our duty in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us. Mr. Carlyle is certainly entitled to the praise of having preached on a very old subject in such a manner as to arrest the attention of his congregation and to keep them wide awake, but it does not follow that he has, as so many people seem to think, made any wonderful discoveries in morality.

Fully recognizing Mr. Carlyle's genius, and admitting that he has done good service to society by the vigor with which he has preached all the cardinal virtues, we nevertheless feel that much of what he has written is open to the very gravest objections. Throughout the whole of his writings he is constantly struggling to get below what is merely formal and external, and to reach the substance, and so to speak, the soul of things. To use a phrase of his own, he dwells upon the virtualities as opposed to the actualities. He does not care to know what technical description a moralist would give to the acts of Danton or Robespierre; or how he would describe the massacres of September. He inquires into the very essence of men and things. Danton was a wild Titan, Robespierre a "sea-green formula," the September massacres were a bursting up of the infinite of evil that lies in man. So, too, he passes by what he calls the Delolme and Blackstone view of the English constitution. England for him is a country in which there is a real aristocracy of labor, and a sham aristocracy of game preservers, and in which millions of day-laborers are going about crying in a more or less articulate manner to be wisely led, governed, and organized into industrial regiments.

Such a habit of mind is not without its use as a protest against dryness and prigishness. It represents, as Byronism did, a phase through which people must perhaps pass at some time or other; but if persisted in, it leads to more gross injustice, more absurd mistakes, and more confused, useless, broken-backed results, than almost any other with which we are acquainted. We will attempt to show our meaning by reference to

one or two illustrations from history and politics. With respect to the first, we will recur to the *History of the French Revolution*. As a work of art, it is, as we have already said, almost impossible to overpraise it, but when we look upon it as a history, it becomes all but incredible. Mr. Carlyle is, we fully believe, quite incapable of the slightest distortion of a matter of fact; and, indeed, his native and national shrewdness and honesty entitle him to the praise of great accuracy and critical discernment, but his imagination is so enormously powerful that no amount of fact can ballast it. Whenever he writes, he creates a whole set of people who are certainly in one sense real enough, but whose identity with the real historical personages whom they represent is extremely questionable. We feel as if we had known personally the Robespierre, the Danton, the Camille Desmoulins, and all the other personages who figure in Mr. Carlyle's pages, but we have no confidence at all that our acquaintances are identical with the men who once went by those names. We quite understand Mr. Carlyle's conception of the Revolution itself, and there is, no doubt, a true epic consistency and unity about it; but that the thing itself was really so because a very able man can so conceive it, does not appear to us to follow at all, and if in point of fact the conception is false, it is mischievous also. Take, for example, the doctrine that the triumph of the Sansculottes over the Girondins was the triumph of a fact over a formula (a view perhaps less intelligible than emphatic), and that Vergniaud, Brissot, and their party were mere talkers and respectability-hunters. It may be true; but unless truth depends on the degree of force of character which belongs to those who search it, it may also be true that the Girondins were comparatively right in their theory, whilst the Terrorists were not only wrong, but stupidly and hopelessly wrong—as much at issue with fact, nature, and every thing else worth caring for as men could be. The whole question resolves itself into an inquiry as to what would have happened under circumstances which in fact did not happen; and this is an utterly insoluble problem. Mr. Carlyle, avoiding all detail, and never contented without arriving at a broad, clear, pictorial result, falsifies history even more decisively by excess of imagination than he could possibly falsify it by inaccuracy as to

fact. He appears to us to have far overrated the degree of certainty which is possible in historical inquiry. A certain number of facts may be ascertained, but they are almost always consistent with a great number of very various interpretations. We greatly question the moral right of any man to reiterate his own interpretation, to enforce it with all the resources of humor and sarcasm, to construct every fact and every action in accordance with it, and by mere force of style to compel a large proportion of men to take his view of historical events and personages, without giving them the slightest hint that other views are perfectly possible, and quite as consistent with the facts of the case.

The defects of this mode of proceeding appear more strongly in Mr. Carlyle's portraits of individuals than in his theories about events. The habit of attempting to estimate men by their essence, and not by their acts, forces those who adopt it to resort to the most meagre evidence as to what the essence of the man is. He has to be judged by his features, his complexion, the nicknames which his enemies give him, little characteristic anecdotes, and other such matters, which are, after all, better fitted for novels than for history. Some one says that Robespierre's face was *verdâtre*, and this furnishes Mr. Carlyle with so many sentences about the "sea-green formula," that his readers feel at last that if Robespierre had been sanguine, and Danton bilious, there would have been no Reign of Terror. This mode of painting characters has a strong tendency to obliterate all moral distinctions. It may not be exactly logical, but it is an inference which most people would draw from such exhibitions, that a man has no other course than that of filling the niche which his character enables him to occupy in a dramatic manner. You may be a huge Danton, full of wild, stormy passion and savage tenderness, or you may be a meagre strict-minded precisian, like Robespierre, with spectacles instead of eyes, and a cramp instead of a soul; but there is nothing to teach you that in either case you have duties to fulfil, and that if you cut people's heads off without any sort of excuse it is no justification to say that, being a mere "logic-formula," you were only acting as such, or that you had a great flaming soul fresh from the heart of fact, which impelled you. There is a right and a wrong for "logic-formulas" and great

flaming souls as well as for other people. Every body has some kind of character, and where should we be if every one acted up to it, without an effort at self-control?

It is in respect to politics that Mr. Carlyle's determination to rush at once to the heart of the matter leads him into the most wonderful errors. Probably no man of genius, being at the same time a good and honorable man, ever wrote two books so unjust and so injurious as *Past and Present* and the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. Nothing can exceed their injustice either to modern or to ancient times. Falling as usual into the error of considering pictorial delineation as the true mode of arriving at political knowledge, Mr. Carlyle conceives a sturdy mill-owner, full of untutored strength, and earnestly worshipping Mammon—an idle, sauntering, sneering landowner, worshipping nothing—a Church, a Parliament, law-courts and public-offices, all babbling and jangling, instead of working, "doleful creatures having the honor to be;" and having worked them up into a sort of whole with infinite picturesqueness and humor, he says, "There you have England as it is." As a counterfoil, he disinters a thirteenth-century Abbot, and dresses him out with inimitable grace and skill as a representative of the middle ages. When he is sufficiently depicted, he says, "There you have the old heroic ages." The moral, as to the baseness of the one state of things and the healthiness of the other, follows as of course. The skill of the representation completely blinds ordinary readers to the fact that its truth and adequacy, not its ingenuity, are the real points at issue. There is a mixture of poverty and audacity in these books which is perfectly bewildering. An Irish widow dies of fever at Glasgow, and infects some sixteen or seventeen others, who die too; but such a thing could not have happened in the middle ages. "No human creature then went about connected with nobody . . . reduced to prove his relationship by dying of typhus fever." We should like to know what "the harpy Jews," whom Abbot Samson "banished bag and baggage out of the banlieue of St. Edmondsbury," thought about their connections, nor would it be undesirable to learn how many people proved their relationship by dying of infection in the great plague of 1347, which destroyed nearly 60,000 people in Norwich and

London, and when, as Dr. Lingard tells us, the pestilence "was chiefly confined to the lower orders, for the more wealthy, by shutting themselves up in their castles, in a great measure escaped the infection."

The only way in which it is possible to criticize Mr. Carlyle's political writings favorably is by looking on them as addressed to an entirely imaginary audience. They show what would be the state of the country if all its good qualities had died out, and all its bad ones were raised to the highest power; but they also show at every point a

complete incapacity of estimating justly any subject which comes immediately under the observation of the writer. When a man or a thing stands far enough from Mr. Carlyle to enable him to view it and paint it as a whole, he does so with admirable artistic effect. When it is close to him, he is so much irritated by the irregularities and blemishes of its surface, that he never inquires what is below. He appears to us on the whole to be one of the greatest wits and poets, but the most unreliable moralist and politician, of our age and nation.

SHELLEY AND A STATE OF NATURE.—After many wanderings about, we find him again in London, cultivating all sorts of eccentric people and eccentric theories. Amongst the rest was a project for a return to a state of nature, in which it appears he had some disciples. It is illustrated by an anecdote:

The next day—it was a Sunday, in the summer—we took a walk together, wandering about as usual, for a long time without plan or purpose. About five o'clock Bysshe stopped suddenly at the door of a house in a fashionable street, ascended the steps hastily, and delivered one of his superb bravura knocks.

"What are we going to do here?"

"It is here we dine."

He placed me before him, that I might enter first, as the stranger; the door was thrown wide open, and a strange spectacle presented itself. There were five naked figures in the passage advancing rapidly to meet us. The first was a boy of twelve years, the last a little girl of five; the other three children, the two eldest of them being girls, were of intermediate ages, between the two extremes. As soon as they saw me, they uttered a piercing cry, turned round, and ran wildly up stairs, screaming aloud. The stairs presented the appearance of Jacob's ladder, with the angels ascending it, except that they had no wings, and they moved faster, and made more noise than the ordinary representations of the patriarch's vision indicate. From the window of the nursery at the top of the house the children had seen the beloved Shelley,—had scampered down stairs in single file to welcome him; me, the kill-joy, they had not observed.

I was presented to a truly elegant family, and I found every thing in the best taste, and was highly gratified with my reception, and with the estimable acquisition to the number of my friends. Nothing was said about the first strange salutation, nor did I venture to inquire what it signified.

At subsequent visits the whole mystery was

unfolded. The subject of "philosophical nakedness" was freely discussed, and its principles laid down. In order to prepare mankind for the millennium of nudity, it was necessary to bring up children in the way they were to walk. Hence the Jacob's ladder. The lady of the house practised a little in the same way herself, probably to set a good example to her establishment:

The mistress of the family assured us that she frequently remained for hours without her clothes, and derived much advantage from the complete exposure to the air. She never seemed to have much the matter with her; and in imaginative persons fancy sways their feelings and convictions. "I rose early this morning, and having locked myself into my dressing-room, or undressing-room, I remained for three hours stark-naked. I am all the better for it, I assure you; I always am. I feel so innocent during the rest of the day!"

This seems incredible. But there are things in the lives of such men as Shelley much more astonishing than the chimeras of romance.—*Part of a Review in the Literary Gazette, of Hogg's Shelley.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON ON THE ISTHMUS CANAL.—In the second volume of his works Louis Napoleon discusses the practicability and importance of the Nicaragua Canal. After dwelling on the marvellous fertility and wealth of the soil of Central America, and examining the five routes already suggested—namely the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Isthmus of Nicaragua, the Isthmus of Panama, and two by the Gulf of Darien—the Emperor decided in favor of the second, proceeding by the River San Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua.

BEAUTY AND WIT. Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

From Household Words.

THE GOLIATH AMONG BRIDGES.

WE know something of the Leviathan among ships; let us know something also of the Goliath among bridges.

A bridge of unequalled size is now being built over the Saint Lawrence, half a mile west of Montreal, and a short distance below the Lachine Rapids. Its engineers are Mr. Robert Stephenson, to whom photographic reports are sent of the progress of the works, and Mr. A. M. Ross, engineer in chief of the Grand Trunk Railway, to which railway it belongs. The object of the bridge is to complete the Canadian system of railways, of which otherwise the line of communication would be severed by the Saint Lawrence from all ports on the east coast of the Atlantic between Halifax and Boston. Without the bridge, a Canadian railway system is a local affair; the bridge destroys the insulation of the province, and provides free way for the outpouring of her commerce. It will cost a million or two of money, and be worth all that it costs.

It is a tubular bridge, like that over our Menai Straits; but the Britannia Bridge is a doll's bridge, one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet long, compared with this, the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Five Menai Bridges, or Seven Waterloo Bridges, one beyond another, would not complete the measure of Goliath, whose length from bank to bank will be only one hundred and seventy-six feet less than two miles.

There will be twenty-four piers leaving twenty-five spans for the tube, the centre

span being three hundred and thirty feet wide, each of the others two hundred and forty-two feet wide. The piers will be fifteen feet wide, those in the centre wider, and they will all turn a sharp edge to the current, as well as a smooth and solid surface to the battery of winter ice that sometimes piles near Montreal to the height of more than forty feet and damages stone buildings on the quays. The masonry of the bridge will exceed two hundred thousand tons, in blocks of stone weighing from seven to ten tons each, all clamped with iron, and having the interstices filled up with lead. The weight of iron in the tubes will be more than ten thousand tons.

On each bank of the river the abutments of the bridge are about two hundred and fifty feet long and ninety broad, approached by embanked causeways: one of seven hundred, one of fourteen hundred feet. It is only between the centre piers that the river is navigable by the steam vessels which ply through the Lachine Rapids. The height of the floor of the bridge above the ordinary summer level of the water in that central part, is sixty feet. The height of the tubes of the bridge, varies from nineteen feet to twenty-two feet six inches. Each tube is to be nine or ten feet wider than the rail track it encloses.

Such is the nature of this wonder among bridges, which has been loyally named Victoria by the Canadians. A model of it may be seen in the Canadian department of the Crystal Palace. By the close of next year it will probably be finished.

GANYMEDE'S RETURN.—The unpiloted balloon Ganymede, which was sent up from the Common at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, about 7 o'clock came in contact with the pilot-boat Syren, No. 1, Capt. Tewksbury, ten miles outside of Boston Light. The balloon—rushing along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour—struck the Syren in such a way that the car became entangled between the foremast and the jibstay. So great was the momentum of the apparatus that the pilot-boat was nearly upset; she careened tremendously, and had not a large rent been caused in the balloon by the collision, allowing the gas to escape rapidly, the equipage of the little craft could hardly have been regained. Nearly all the materials placed in the balloon car were found in as good condition

as could be expected. The balloon itself was considerably damaged. It had made several previous descents to the water, undoubtedly, as the exterior was very wet. The cause of its short stay in the atmosphere is conjectured to be that it ascended to so great an elevation that the gas burst the balloon, on account of the rarefaction of the air. Capt. Tarlton, of the harbor police, who was despatched in pursuit of the pilot-boat on Tuesday, at four o'clock yesterday morning arrived up with the "Ganymede."—*Boston Advertiser*, 8 July, 1858.

THIS inscription was found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

From The Saturday Review.

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

It has become a commonplace remark that their own country is that part of the world of which travelling Englishmen know least; and the observation is probably not more false than paradoxes usually are. It is certain that a large proportion of those who can afford a summer holiday prefer, not unnaturally, to get as much change and excitement as they can. Rapidly as a superficial similarity is extending over Europe under the influence of railways, the mere sound of foreign languages, and the sight of unfamiliar features in men and in nature, must always make travelling abroad a very real, very great, and very harmless luxury for those who have time and money for the purpose. As, however, these requisites are not always at hand, it may not be uninteresting to point out the manner in which those whose days or pounds are too few for Italy or Switzerland may find some sort of substitutes for them at home. It has always appeared to us that the most fascinating chapter in Lord Macaulay's History is that in which he describes the external appearance of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is not without a feeling of regret, which we cannot allow to be unphilosophical, that we read of the vast moors and fens in which assembled flocks of cranes and wild geese, and wild heaths over which bustards wandered, and were chased with greyhounds, and the open downs where were to be seen huge fen eagles, nine feet long across the wings. The existence of such features of natural scenery was, no doubt, inconsistent with our modern wealth; but though their disappearance was inevitable, it may be regretted. It would be a great evil if the whole of the country were to become a workshop or a model farm. And we hope that our readers will sympathize sufficiently with our own taste to be pleased at hearing, that all our playgrounds are not yet ploughed up, and that if they know where to look for them, they may find, within two or three hours' distance from London, heaths, downs, forests, and moors, not essentially different from those of which Lord Macaulay has written the epitaph, and, in some points of view hardly less attractive to holiday makers—especially to those who possess that very moderate degree of activity which leads them to use their own legs on such occasions

—than the more expensive and distant beauties of the Continent.

In comparatively modern times the whole of the Southern counties must have been one of the wildest parts of England. On looking at the map it will be observed that there are in England three principal systems of hills—the Northern, the Welsh, and the Southern. Of the two first we need not speak, but the Southern group consists of three branches which radiate towards the East and North from their origin in Dorsetshire. The northernmost of the three runs across the Southern part of the Midland Counties, crossing the Oxford road at Stoken Church, and the North Western railway near Tring—forming the Gog Magogs, well known to all Cambridge men—and finally passing into Suffolk. The centre branch, part of which is very confused, consists of the Wiltshire and Hampshire chains, and of that long and well-marked range of hills which runs from Petersfield through Farnham, Guildford, Dorking, and Reigate, into the North of Kent. The southernmost branch runs along the coast (occasionally retreating to a considerable distance inland) almost the whole way from Plymouth to Dover. Those who are only accustomed to the railroads and the great highways would be surprised to learn what a vast quantity of open country is still to be found amongst these hills, and the commons which border them. Free-trade has no doubt converted thousands of acres of sheepwalks into arable land, and the railways have scattered villas and enclosures over no small proportion of the heaths which border the South-Western Railway. But though it may no longer be true that a man may ride seventy miles out of London from one common to another, and though we fear that Stonehenge will soon ornament nothing more impressive than a cornfield, it is still possible for Londoners to rid themselves for days together, at a very moderate expense of time and trouble, of every thing which can recall not only the business of life, but, we might almost say, the existence of their fellow-creatures.

To take one out of many illustrations, let us direct our attention to the country between Southampton and Weymouth. The two towns may perhaps be sixty miles apart, and the whole space between them is occupied by a succession of districts as beautiful and as solitary as any thing that the most jaded of

us could wish to see. The prosperity of Southampton is indisputably but unpleasantly attested by interminable suburbs, which, in the direction of Redbridge and Eling, are certainly not less than from five to six miles in length. By a judicious use of the railroad, this impediment may be overcome; and, on descending at the Redbridge station, the passenger will find himself within a mile of the very heart of the New Forest. If he has not a very sluggish imagination, he may pass in a moment from the days of Queen Victoria to those of William Rufus. The railway will drop out of sight after a very few minutes' walk; and for miles round, the face of the country is covered by woods and moors, as wild and as open as the most enthusiastic walker could wish them to be. From Redbridge to Beaulieu can hardly be less than eight or nine miles, and the whole road lies through thickets of oak, traversed by green rides, or across moors in which the black soil is hardly covered by the stunted heath which is its only production, and where no living creature is to be seen except peewits. In many parts of the forest there are magnificent glades, bordered by oaks of a larger growth than those which are to be found in the thickets. The timber is interspersed with plenty of underwood, principally hazel and holly. Here and there are bogs, and brooks which, though they give animation to the scenery, cannot be admired for their purity. They generally show pretty clearly the nature of the soil through which they have run. Though every part of the New Forest is traversed by roads, there is no obligation to keep upon them; and by the exercise of a very trifling but not unamusing ingenuity, it is perfectly easy to walk for hours over country which looks as lonely as the wildest moor in the Highlands.

It is very difficult to look at the New Forest without feeling inclined to question the justice of the popular opinion about the devastations laid to the charge of William the Conqueror. An immense proportion of the ground is utterly worthless for any purpose whatever, even in the present day. Large tracts of it are more profitable as woodland than they would be in any other shape, and it is altogether inconceivable that it should ever have been otherwise than a very barren region. The whole population of England is supposed at the time of the

Conquest to have been under rather than over, 2,000,000, and it is impossible to suppose that when it was so thin elsewhere, it can have been dense in that particular spot. Besides this, it would not appear, from the best authorities upon the subject that the Norman forests were mere wildernesses. We have a very curious and complete account of their organization in Manwood's work on the *Laws of the Forest*. Some of his authorities claim, truly or not, to be as ancient as the days of Canute. It is impossible not to infer from many parts of the book that the forests anciently supported a considerable population, for there was a complete judicial and executive system for their especial use. The Courts of Swanimote and Justice Seat were attended by those who lived in the forest, much as the Courts Baron and Courts Leet were attended by the men of manors and hundreds. The various rights of agistment, pannage, and the like which are minutely specified, and the obligation under which the rangers were placed of making "drifts"—that is, of driving off all cattle depasturing in the forest—at certain periods of the year, imply the existence of a pretty numerous population, supported principally by cattle-breeding within the forest bounds. Indeed, some considerable part of the soil over which the King held forestal rights was—subject to those rights—the property of private persons. For these reasons, we should be inclined to suppose that the hardship inflicted by William the Conqueror consisted rather in the strictness and harshness of his system of forest administration than in a depopulation which would have been both needless and cruel, not to say impossible.

The New Forest only supplies part of the country available for the purpose of holiday-making. It is possible to traverse the whole interval between Christchurch and Weymouth—upwards of forty miles—without setting foot upon a road. A wild sandy heath, recently converted in a great measure into a pine wood, borders the whole of the coast from Christchurch to Poole Harbor, and between the wood and the sea are a range of open sandhills, loosely overgrown with thin herbage, but sufficiently raised above the sea to afford a splendid view over the whole of Studland Bay, from the Needles on the east to Studland Head on the west. The entrance to Poole Harbor lies about half-way

between these points. Its width is about half a mile, and it opens into what is at high-water one of the most magnificent basins in Europe. In a commercial or naval point of view, its importance is trifling, as the water has but little depth; but, as far as mere beauty goes, it is certainly far superior to Portsmouth. It forms a sheet of water six or seven miles long and four or five broad, and shaped not unlike a mulberry leaf, the stalk representing the entrance, immediately in front of which lies Branksea Island, ornamented by the palace which, till his bankruptcy, attested the boundless wealth of the well-known Colonel Waugh. Nothing can be wilder or more strange than the long narrow spit of land, not two hundred yards across, but upwards of a mile long, which separates the haven from the sea—unless, indeed, it be the heath which stretches from the opposite side of the ferry, across the harbor's mouth, to the top of the downs five miles further on. These downs are part of the great chalk range to which we have already referred. They form at this point a loop, the ends of which rest upon the sea at Studland Head and Tineham respectively. Between these points they run inland in a singularly regular curve, one point of which may be as much as five or six miles from the sea. The smooth round line is broken by a double notch, as clear as if it had been cut by a knife, in the midst of which stands a sort of Mamelon surmounted by the ruins of Corfe Castle. There are few more beautiful spots in England. There is something almost voluptuous in the round, soft, and exquisitely regular outline of the fresh green turf downs; nor can any thing be more pleasing than the contrast which is afforded to them by the long stretch of purple heather by which they are divided from Poole Harbor, the bright surface of the harbor itself, and the dark woods which overhang its eastern shore in the distance. Between Tineham and Weymouth the character of the scenery changes. The downs run straight into the sea, and their base has been worn away into cliffs at least 600 feet high in many places; and along their whole length these give refuge to thousands of gulls, cormorants, and crows of various kinds—inhabitable birds which hover over their visitor's heads at a convenient distance announcing with sententious and monotonous caws, their conviction that he is des-

tinued to fall over the cliff and furnish them with a supper.

Such is a very faint outline of one of the playgrounds of which civilization has not yet deprived us. It is only one of a very considerable number. That "majestic range of mountains," as White of Selborne did not disdain to call the Southdowns, offers abundance of charms even nearer London than those which we have been describing. We do not pretend to say what proportion of Surrey is still covered by heaths and heathy hills; but the quantity is by no means small, and if we indulge a hope that it may never be diminished, we can pray in aid no less an authority than Mr. J. S. Mill; with whose eloquent plea for the preservation of some of the greatest beauties of nature we must conclude:—

"There is room in the world no doubt, and even in old countries, for an immense increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But although it may be innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages, both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has, in all the more populous countries, been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depths of meditation, or of character, and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur, is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature, with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings, every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food; every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better, or happier, population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to do so."

From The Literary Gazette.
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

DESPONDENCY.

THERE travels a wasting fire
From vein to vein ;—
Thy shadow is not more faithful
Than is this pain.
I count the dull hours passing,
So sad—so slow ;
But to me they bring no changing
As they come and go.
The spring-time is well-nigh over—
'Twas like a dream ;—
On the hedge wild roses are hanging,
Yet blind I seem.
The nightingale's notes are ringing
O'er wood and lea ;
Let her warble, or let her be silent,
What is't to me ?
I only can feel for ever
Within my heart,
That from thee, O best beloved one !
I'm torn apart.
Thy shadow is not more faithful
Than is this pain ;
And travels the wasting fire
From vein to vein.

GEIBEL.

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

FROM a lost field three horsemen go :
Why ride they on so slow, so slow ?
Out of their wounds wells forth the blood,
And stains their steeds with a gory flood.
From rein to stirrup it laves away
The dust and foam of a hard-fought day.
So slowly, softly tread the steeds.
Each seems to know his master bleeds.
The riders' hands are grasped in vain,—
Their swaying seats they scarce retain.
Each on the other gazes now,
And thus in turn they murmur low :—
" At home a beauteous maid's my own,
And yet I die ere set of sun !"
" I've house and lands, and gold in store—
Never shall I behold them more !"
" In God alone I trust, yet I
Can feel it hard, too, thus to die !"
And following close on that death-ride,
Swift through the air three ravens glide.
While croaking, thus they part their prey ;
" Feast thou," " Feast I," " Feast all to-day !"

LENAU.

As, sunk in thought, through meads I stray'd
To seek the greenwood's welcome shade,
Nodding in friendly guise, I spied
A little flower my path beside.
" I know, sweet flower, why at my tread,
Thou wavest thus thy gentle head :—

I'll pluck thee for my maiden's breast,
And on her heart thy cheek shall rest."

Then, as I bent, upon my ear,
From bank and meadow, far and near,
A thousand tiny voices fell—
" Ah ! prythee, gather me as well !"

REDWITZ.

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled ?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart !
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.
Why must the flowers die ?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart !
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breath and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days ;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?
O doubting heart !
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.
Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair ?
O doubting heart !
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

NIGHT SONG.

NOR the mornings, childlike mornings—
Full of melody and mirth,
That with singing and with gladness
Come to wake the sleeping earth.
Not the evenings, noon-like evenings,
Passing silently and slow,
Throwing shadows through the casement,
Telling dew-beads as they go.
But the nights—the queenly midnights
Pour life's richest wine for me
From the star-gem'd cup of Heaven,
And my soul drinks royally !

—Anna Mary Freeman.

From The Saturday Review.

THURSTAN'S PASSIONATE PILGRIM.*

THIS is the record of an unrequited passion entertained from infancy to manhood by the writer for the daughter of a neighbor. An autobiographical sketch without, or almost without, incident, and tracing the growth and culmination of a single feeling is a dangerous attempt. It is only to be justified by the feeling having been singularly real, constant, and intense. Mr. Thurstan's book, however, has this justification. For the depth of passion, for the tenderness and unity of sentiment which it displays, it is a really remarkable work. It is evidently the expression of something that has truly and honestly been undergone. So far as there is any story in the volume, it appears that an early intimacy led the writer to entertain an attachment for a playmate, that the feeling was cherished through school and college life, was crushed by the frank and cheerful impassibility of its object, but survived to be the curse and burden of a life. Into this framework are set very fresh and delicate pictures of happy early days, and of visits paid to the lady in Italy, in Germany, and in different parts of England, with an analysis of the fluctuations and modifications of the author's own feelings, and an account of the studies at Oxford and elsewhere which he thinks have most powerfully influenced his mind; and as he is possessed of a considerable command of English, and of a highly cultivated mind, his book is well worth reading for all who have a taste for this kind of literature.

But such a book cannot be popular. Not that grief which expresses itself in words seems necessarily unreal. Mr. Thackeray, in laughing at the early sorrows of the heart, has often told his readers that an unhappy love which finds a vehicle in prose or rhyme is a very bearable malady. If this is the rule, there are, at any rate, exceptions. Why persons who have felt very deeply should give utterance to their sorrow is often difficult to say. We do not, for instance, quite understand why Mr. Thurstan should lay bare so many private thoughts, and tell the world so many sad experiences. But real emotion is something unmistakable, and we can tell its presence in an instant. Still, a record of in-

tense feeling—especially of love—can never be acceptable to the generality of readers, because intense feeling is quite out of their range. Happily for the world, affection, not passion, is the link that binds the human race together. To care so very much for a woman is a thing which, to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, seems morbid and impossible. They can reach the level of genuine sorrow when the course of their love is made to run roughly, but they are open to the consolations of time, of friends, of books, of physical enjoyment and excitement. And women care even less for the effusions of passion; for although, if a woman is capable of passion, and has her capability tested, her feelings are generally more intense, and more completely absorbent of her whole existence, than is the case with men, yet women have much less power of entering, through the experience of others, into the border-land between passion and affection. Mr. Thurstan's work is therefore addressed to a very small audience. And not only must this be in some degree true at all times, but the temper and fashion of the present day are opposed to the productions of philosophical romance. Sentimentalism is not the fashion. There was a time when, for their own credit, people might have felt called on to weep over sorrows with which they could not sympathize, but that certainly is not the present mood of London or European society.

What Mr. Thurstan's book wants is art. It would be difficult to point to a work which more strongly illustrates what is the sphere of art in fiction-writing, or, what is much the same thing, in autobiography. Real feeling is the necessary foundation, and nature must precede art; but after having undergone, and even while still in some degree undergoing, the pangs and delights of the most deep and genuine passion, the artist—the man, that is, of creative genius—recasts, moulds, and harmonizes his experience. He can at once see what his feeling is to himself, and what it can be made to others. He can eliminate what is superfluous, not with regard to complete truth, but with regard to attainable impressiveness. Goethe, who possessed the power of doing this in a degree as high as any man, did it consciously, and revealing his consciousness to the world, gave an appearance of coldness, because he seemed too completely the master of himself. But all

* *The Passionate Pilgrim; or, Eros and Anteros.* By Henry J. Thurstan. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

great writers go through the process, consciously or unconsciously. Now, with Mr. Thurstan it is all pure nature. He never thinks of his reader, never shrinks from saying too much, or hesitates to bring in any thing that interests him. This fidelity to nature is a great thing—it is much better than any thing artificial, or any approach to a factitious adherence to rules of criticism; but it is only the artist that can powerfully and permanently affect mankind.

It is natural that a mind eminently susceptible and sedulously trained should, if it is not creative, be in an excessive degree receptive. Mr. Thurstan is burthened with the thoughts of other men. He has always some expression or recollection, some borrowed figure or analogy, which stands between him and the reader. And his style has the monotony of a constant elevation. It is all

pitched in a high key. We feel throughout the book as if we were carried to a lofty hill to look at the kingdom of man's passions and sufferings with Mr. Ruskin as our interpreting devil. A few pages, a picked passage or two, of the book, are therefore more impressive and effective than the whole. But if, when we descend to details, we find much to criticize, we also find much to praise and admire. The language is often felicitous and striking, and the thoughts are often original and suggestive. The writer, for instance, discusses the remedies offered by the kindly, the sensible, and the pious to the victims of a great grief, and explains why he found them practically inefficacious, and he does this with an openness, a quietness, and a thoroughness that are really striking. His book is not a great book, it is not a production of artistic genius, but it is not one to be lightly passed over, or easily forgotten.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.—We yesterday had the pleasure of looking at an elaborate specimen of ornamental penmanship, by Mr. Wm. J. Canby, of this city, in the shape of a Friend's marriage certificate. Mr. Canby is famous for this kind of work, having been for many years engaged in the preparation of these certificates, and being well skilled in his art. His work combines all the freedom of penmanship, with the perfection of engraving; indeed, we have never seen any other writing which so closely resembled the work of the graver as his. The design in this case is a beautiful one. The initial word is a pretty conceit, emblematic of the triumph of love. Cupid is represented sportively gambolling amongst birds and flowers—chasing butterflies, after throwing away his bow and arrows, for which he has no longer any use; twining a garland, and proclaiming his triumph through the flower of a trumpet creeper. He also acts as herald of the nuptials, which are set forth in the body of the certificate. Birds of Paradise and doves, and a whole jubilee of insect life, symbolize the happiness of the marriage state, all gracefully interspersed through the letters of the word thus elegantly embellished, which are exquisitely executed in antique text. The names of the parties and other important words are handsomely set out in various ornamental styles; and the whole document has a pleasing effect, very appropriate to the happy occasion.

The Friends have always pursued the commendable practice of attesting their marriages

by a certificate, which becomes an heir-loom in the family, and is always placed upon record. It would be well if the usage obtained more generally amongst other denominations.—*Phil. North American.*

RACHEL'S CHILDREN.—"Of Rachel's two boys, the eldest, Alexandre, who has been acknowledged by his father, a well-known diplomat, was a very handsome child when quite young. But as he grew up this very beauty, derived from his close resemblance to his mother, became less suitable to his sex. The features and figure are so delicate, small, and feminine, that they lack character, and will give an insignificant appearance to the man. Gabriel, the youngest child, was when a baby as plain as his brother was handsome, and for some little while considered an unwelcome addition to the family. Some one asking Rachel what she thought the second son would be, 'His brother's coachman,' was the reply. This apparently unfeeling remark was probably made rather because she would not lose the opportunity of saying what she considered a smart thing than because she thought it, as she afterwards proved herself a kind mother to both her children. She had allowed the elder child to be the godfather of the younger, and this added link between the boys has given to the affection of Alexandre a character of paternal solicitude that manifests itself in the most charming and graceful manner whenever his little brother seems to require his assistance and protection."—*Memoirs of Rachel.*

A TRANSLATION FROM MEMORY OF THE
GERMAN WATCHMAN.

I.

A NIGHT-WATCH on his turret stood,—
Below a graveyard lay,
Whereon the moonbeam's silver flood
Did pour a pallid day.

II.

Hark where yon clock the midnight hour
Proclaims with iron tongue,
Afair with sweet yet mournful power
That warning voice is flung.

III.

Now may good angels guard us near!
What makes that watcher start?
And why with pulse which he may hear
Doth throb that lone one's heart?

IV.

Now, doth he wake, or doth he sleep,
Or doth his sense deceive?
Or doth, in sooth, each turf-grown heap
Beneath the moonlight heave?

V.

He gazes still. With sudden sound
The swelling mound disperses;
And from each sepulchre around
A shrouded figure starts.

VI.

All white each fleshless skull doth glare
Beneath the moon's cold ray;
And the reek of death is in the air,
Which in those robes doth play.

VII.

And the Watcher saw the quivering light
Which gleamed instead of eyes
From those phantom skulls, like the fires of
night
From the weltering marsh that rise.

VIII.

Now, as each form with bony hand
Casts off its robe of white,
Through those skeleton shapes, which naked
stand,
Doth shine the moon's pale light.

IX.

Chill burst the sweat from that Watcher's brow,
Yet he cannot choose but gaze,
For each phantom shape is whirling now
In many a circling maze.

X.

Clap, clatter, clat! clap, clatter, clat!
Each bone to bone replies;
The Watcher's heart grows sick thereat,
Yet he doth not close his eye.

XI.

Now in his ear an airy tone
Doth seem to whisper low—
"Were one of yon white robes thine own
What secrets mightst thou know."

XII.

Thereat an inward voice cried "Hold!
Rash youth, consider well,
In yonder things of other mould
Know'st thou what force may dwell?"

XIII.

"What if they bear thee in their ire,
Down to some loathsome place,
And bid thee writhe in nether fire,
Cut off from Heavenly grace?"

XIV.

"What if from out those shadows cold
Some venom'd essence dart,
Thy life in living death to fold,
And wither up thy heart?"

XV.

"Enough that on yon rites unblest'd
Thou gazest still unharm'd;
Enough that still His high behest
Thy fragile life hath arm'd."

XVI.

Again he heard the airy tone:—
"The phantoms heed thee not;
Make one of yon white robes thine own,
Nor spurn thy wondrous lot."

XVII.

The watcher heard, while hope insane
His ardent spirit fann'd
He quits the tower, he mounts again,
A robe is in his hand.

XVIII.

Now louder spake that prompting lay
Unto the Watcher's ear:—
"Haste! in that robe thy limbs array,
Nor lose the boon so near."

XIX.

Now angels guard that rash one still,
For the robe he hath round him cast,
And his inmost heart hath felt a chill,
As the death-web bound him fast.

XX.

By this, there beamed a bright warm star
On the meridian sky;
The phantoms feel its power from far,
And hush their revelry.

XXI.

Again their skeleton forms they fold
In those garments of the tomb,
And thro' the heaving, bursting mould
They plunge to nether gloom.

XXII.

One only skeleton naked stood,
As though it snuffed the wind,
And by the breath of the airy flood,
The place of the robe divined.

XXIII.

Then on it strode to the Watcher's tower,
Like a hound that scents his prey;
The death-robe numbed the watcher's power,
He cannot choose but stay.

XXIV.

Now, rash one! think of Him in prayer
Who rules above, below.
Alas! he doth but wildly stare
Upon the coming woe.

XXV.

Then cried in scorn that airy tone:—
"Methinks von thing of death

Full soon will have thee for his own,
And choke thy gurgling breath;—

XXVI.

"Or bear thee quick to some charnel hall,
To feast the rampant dead.
Hark! hark! I hear the goblins call;
'Tis long since they have fed.

XXVII.

"Haste, cast thee down from hence, and die
And foil yon demon's hate;
Bravely the common refuge try,
And ward a darker fate."

XXVIII.

Then thus the inward prompter said,—
But he spake with a feeble lay:—
"Heed not the tempter; cry for aid
To the King whom all obey.

XXIX.

"Nerve now thy will, exert thy power
To rend away that vest;
Quail not at this extremest hour,
And thou mayst yet be blest."

XXX.

The goblin now the turret gain'd,
And up the creviced wall
By foot or hand alike sustain'd,
The ghastly shape doth crawl.

XXXI.

Clap, clatter, clat, clap, clatter, clat,
Each bone to bone replies;
The Watcher's soul grows sick thereat,
Yet a heart-born prayer he sighs.

XXXII.

With might which steepest crag had spurn'd,
Still on the monster came;
And the meteor light in its skull that burn'd
Doth scorch that Watcher's frame.

XXXIII.

Thro' mist and moonbeam seems to shine,
He draws his breath with pain,
And still he strives to loose the twine
Of that clinging shroud in vain.

XXXIV.

And now his clutch the demon laid
Upon his helpless prey,
And the Watcher cried aloud for aid
To the King whom all obey.

XXXV.

Hark! hark! yon clock hath stricken one,
The charmed hour is past;
At once the phantom sinks; 'tis done—
The Watcher lives at last.

—*Literary Gazette.*

THE PUSEYITE'S INVITATION TO THE CONFESSIONAL.

AIR—"Will you come to the Bower?"

Will you come to the room I have darkened for
you?

Will you kneel at my feet as a penitent should
do,
And say in what particulars you ever did trans-
gress?

Will you, maiden, will you, won't you come and
confess?

Will you answer all my questions, howsoever
strange they seem,
And if some of them should shock you, will you
promise not to scream?

All your sins will you reveal, and your every
fault express?

Will you, maiden, will you, won't you come and
confess?

Will you try and remember all your actions to
be blamed,
And every thought, or word, or deed, of which
you feel ashamed?

And relate with strict minuteness every error
and excess?

Will you, maiden, will you, won't you come
and confess?

That I'll keep all your secrets will you, gentle
maiden, hope?

And though I am declared an impostor by the
POPE,

For your Father Confessor will you trust me
ne'ertheless?

Will you, maiden, will you, won't you come and
confess?

Will you turn a deaf ear to the voice of com-
mon sense,
Nor suppose my prying passion seeks delight at
your expense?

And that if I spoke my mind, I should thus
vary my address,

Goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey, come and con-
fess?
—*Punch.*

THE OLD SEXTON.

(INSCRIBED TO ALFRED RETHEL.)

'Twas nigh the hour of evening pray'r,
The Sexton climb'd the turret-stair,
Wearily, being very old.
The wind of Spring blew fresh and cold,
Wakening their æolian thrills,
And carrying fragrance from the hills.

From a cavern cleft he lean'd,
Eyeing the landscape newly green'd;
The large sun, slowly moving down,
Flush'd the chimneys of the town,—
The same where he was first alive
Eighty years ago and five.

Babe he sees himself, and boy;
Youth, astir with hope and joy;
Wife and wedded love he sees;
Children's children round his knees:
Friends departing one by one;
The graveyard in the setting sun.

He seats him in a stony niche;
The bell-rope sways within his reach;
High in the rafters of the roof
The metal warder hangs aloof;
All the townsfolk wait to hear
That voice they know this many a year.

It is past the ringing hour,
There is silence in the tower,
Save that on a pinnacle
A robin sits, and sings full well.
Hush! at length for prayer they toll:
God receive the parted soul!

—*Athenæum.*

W. ALLINGHAM.

From Frasers' Magazine.
SQUIRE BOLTON'S TRANSGRESSION.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEG OF ELIBANK."

CHAPTER I.

SYLVIA BOLTON was advised to write extracts in order to improve her handwriting. In those days—Dr. Johnson's and Mrs. Chapone's days—penmanship was an elegant accomplishment, so Sylvia docilely provided herself with an old account-book, whose first pages contained blotted entries of farriers' recipes and day laborers' wages, and heading it in her neatest characters "Commonplace Book," proceeded diligently and painfully to copy out No. 344 of the *Rambler*, "On Female Fastidiousness and Refinement;" as well as those famous lines in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "To Miss —, on her giving the author a gold and silk network purse of her own weaving."

Sylvia did not make a base pretence of study by pursuing it through the medium of a flighty sentimental diary of her daily acts and aspirations, frequent as such diaries were. Had she indulged in that recreation, she must have chronicled her seams and her syllabubs, or her last run into Northorpe to drink a dish of tea with Joan Littlepage, who lived too near for the interchange of endless letters. No; Sylvia wisely contented herself with transcribing the great and good Doctor's massiveness in the extreme of humble admiration for one of her two literary kings.

Besides, Sylvia had but fractions of time for the exercise. She filled the responsible situation of an only sister in a family of sons, with a mother—a very fine lady—affected, whimsical, self-indulgent, and prone to essences and cordials to a degree peculiar to the era.

Poor Sylvia was a species of victim. Her post was no sinecure; she was expected to undertake all the serious management of the family; she made the pies and pastry and home-brewed wine; she hemmed the cravats, stitched the shirts, manufactured the gowns, kept the keys, gave out the stores, ordered the servants, made tea, distilled her mother's mint and cinnamon waters, to which more enlivening compounds lent their pungency, was ready to fill her father's pipe or play a game at cribbage when he had exhausted his metropolitan sheet or odd volume. Withal, it is not difficult to see that her leisure for

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playing on the harpsichord, embroidery, and cultivating polite literature was brief.

Poor little Sylvia;—she was unpretending by nature, and she had been unconsciously put down by those well-disposed home tyrants until the little vanity and coquetry of the girl were disciplined to perfection. She was such a pretty girl, with apple-blossom cheeks, and that bronze which the Roman ladies appreciated well, of rich auburn hair—her brothers called it red, and Sylvia accepted their definition, sighed ruefully over the gift, and secretly envied Joan Littlepage's black locks.

Sylvia had inherited one of the pretty fantastical, pastoral French shepherdess names of the period, one of those Clarissas and Phillises that alternated so oddly with the Pollies and Betties; but her household authorities remorselessly contracted it to Syllly, to Sylvia's extreme mortification, before strangers.

Sylvia Bolton was a good girl and clever, but she was encompassed by difficulties that no single woman could overcome; rallied by her father, censured by Mark, advised by Ned, ordered by Sam, and perpetually mourned over by her mother for her deficiency in widely-diffused, shifting airs and graces.

Sylvia was by no means without spirit, either; but it was such a pretty cock-sparrow spirit, united to so tender a heart and frank a temper, that the most thorough advocates for womanly meekness would have consented to bear it.

Would that you could have seen Sylvia seated at the end of the heavy table glancing up from her self-imposed occupation to run over certain clamorous considerations,—whether she had not better run out and look after her bantam chickens—whether the hot cake would be out of the oven—whether, oh! whether her father would take her into the town one evening this week, and whether the play would be that terrible story, *The Fatal Marriage*, or the charming rattle, *The Busy Body*, or whether Mrs. Daventry would come in with her pink safin saque or her gauze negligée.

We have lost such faces—so youthful, so simple, so fresh, so bright. We have thoughtful brows, clear eyes, sweet mouths, the glory of beauty still; but what was guilelessness then, and true sentiment, and rustic archness,

would be ignorance, affectation, rudeness now. Our roses were more wild roses then; our posies culled from rutted lane, grassy hedgerow, lonely hill-side. We have lost the Clarissa Harlows, the Olivia Primroses, the Dolly Vardens, the Lady Graces; their very attire is gone—the open skirt, the rich petticoat, the quaint kerchief, the provoking top-knot perched above the rolled back, clustering, rippling hair, the winged lace cap, worn for an easy distance out of doors, the coquetish apron, the long gloves.

Would that you could see the Gate-house, the Walnut Parlor, and each of its inmates, for one and all were full of yesterday. The high weather-worn mansion, built in the days when Market-Northorpe Gate was more than a name; the tall wind-defying chimneys; the porch, with its seat; the terraced garden; where abundance of pot-herbs grew as well as flowers; the stone steps; the dial; the bower where Sylvia read her letters and sang her songs, "Oh! Nanny, wilt thou go with me?" "My face is my fortune;" and "A nutting we will go;" the square tower of Market Northorpe; the red brick chimneys and the woods of Hathaway Hall: the meadows, with their English timber and their precious burden of grain; the trout stream, where the clouds cast their shadow, the willows dipped, and the ragged Robin—a gipsy Narcissus—fluttered over his image in the water; the sunny sandy hill with its larches, its furze, its blue-bells, and its burrowing rabbits, round which the high road disappeared.

In the Gate-house parlor, with its cross-beams, its small deeply-sunk windows, its wainscot breast high, the old English family were gathered. Very homely and clumsy for the most part, but made for use, and to outlast generations, were their household gods—their buffet or cupboard, their Dutch clock, their huge leathern-covered chairs. Like flickers of sunshine among them shewed the sweet pot with the May or the gilly-flower, and Sylvia's fan and her sampler on the wall opposite the dark picture of the Bolton of Anne's reign, in hat and feather and flowing wig, whose sword hung above the door. Sylvia's satin piece was in the best parlor, along with the blue settees, the stained wood tea-caddy, and the Chinese screen. But it is with the Walnut Parlor that we have to do, for the Blue Room, its

superior, was used only on merrymakings and ceremonious occasions, and those, on account of Squire Bolton's indolence and Madam's sickliness and "whimsies," were very rare, though the couple were blessed with a young family of three full-grown sons and one blooming daughter, all unfledged and unmated.

The chimney-piece of the Walnut Parlor repaid notice. Of dark oak, deeply carved, not with flutes, nor pillars, nor garlands even, but with a mass of fruit and flowers, luscious peaches, tipsy grapes, wandering wild convolvuluses, indiscriminate sheaves of lilies, and of wheat ears; and disporting among the foliage and blossoms long-tailed birds and chubby, baby-faced angels. It was executed in the affluence of an artist's fancy; and if the churches of the Middle Ages were epics in stone, that chimney-piece was an idyl in wood. The shelf whose parapet was so adorned bore only a few peacock's feathers and Squire Bolton's pipe—for indeed the low-roofed room was redolent of gallant Raleigh's Virginian weed, the *Herbe de la Reine*, which nor King nor Pope nor Sultan could explode; and the subtle fragrance was still perceptible when the glass door into the garden stood wide open, when the clematis and honeysuckle looked in from the porch, when the air was laden with marjoram, thyme, and lavender, and the new-mown hay on the meadows.

Up the steps hopped Sylvia's blue pigeons, and cooed an apology to the worshipful company; across the home-made carpet marched or trotted Squire Bolton's greyhounds, Sam's mastiff, and Sylvia's spaniel;—truly they were less objectionable than the hobnailed shoes of the master of the house and of young Sam, fresh from the red ploughed land, the ditch side, or the marl pit. And these offences were so universal in the country, that even squeamish Mrs. Bolton made no protest against them.

The Squire was a large ruddy-complexioned man, more manly than handsome in feature, but with a sagacity as well as obstinacy of brow and lip that implied the well-known fact that his sayings and jests were quoted far and near. He had the air of an undoubted gentleman, though his brown suit was soiled and thread-bare, his points often untrussed, his shirt plain, his buckles dim, his hair but half powdered. Squire Bolton

was the second man in Market Northorpe, notwithstanding the Gate-house acres were few, and the Boltons in trade, succeeding as duly by hereditary right to a bookselling and printing business, including the proprietorship of the *Northorpe Chronicle*—which, not many years before, recorded the march of a rebel army through an adjacent county—as to their paternal estate, and without the trade's branch of the inheritance, the younger members of the Bolton family would have been scantily endowed with this world's goods.

The Squire took his printers and their broadsheets easily; he looked in upon them once a day, save market-day; tossed over the pamphlets and the slim volumes, laughed heartily at the caricatures of Wilkes and his set, and the fancy sketches of men and women with cows' horns and hoofs which were to scare Dr. Jenner from his profane discovery; but had a greater affection for his pigs and geese, than for his literary stores. He was indeed a tolerably read man, but he had made a journey to London while just of age, and conceiving a great aversion to town manners, had returned home to devote himself to country pursuits, and affect a greater roughness than was natural to him—yet, pity on the contradiction, he had wedded a fine woman.

Notwithstanding this flaw in his credit, Squire Bolton was honored at Market Northorpe as a gentleman—honest, of good parts, and resolute will. There was only one in the place greater than he, and that was Sir Charles, Lord of the Manor, Member of Parliament, courtier, he might have been duke or prince to merit the reverence with which Market Northorpe gaped after him, although he came but seldom to the Hall to gladden their eyes with their sun; he was not married, and was getting up in years, and the next heir was of another county, at variance with the head of the house, and out of acquaintance with its subjects.

Mrs. Bolton spent a great deal of time in her own room; when she was prepared for the parlor she was mostly reclining in her cushioned chair, in her flowered silk nightgown and gauze cap, groaning over her bodily ailments, complaining of the want of genteel company; she had a passion for the country too, for nightingales and moonlight, if it were not for the horrid dews; for dining and

drinking tea in the bower, but the nasty earwigs and caterpillars spoilt it all; for the dairy, only new milk made her sick. But though an absurd woman enough, one is bound to say that she was soft-hearted as well as weak-headed, and that Squire Bolton minded her extravagancies so little, rather was so brisk and racy in confuting them, that a wiser partner might have been wasted on him. "It is absolutely necessary for complete happiness in the married state, that one (of the two) should be a fool," was an opinion mooted by Lovelace, and perhaps the expression of a requirement of his society even in its most respectable quarters.

It was not always that the three tall sons were seen under the father's roof. Mark, the second, though stated to be unfledged, was virtually transplanted into the household of Dr. Langford, who kept a private boarding establishment for young gentlemen, six or seven miles distant. Mark was the scholar of the family, had been at Oxford along with his younger brother, and taken notable University honors; but it was not wonderful for Bachelors of Arts, or Wranglers of either University to accept the office of tutor or private chaplain, and hold it patiently for years as a stepping stone to professorship, deanery, or bishopric. If the vocation was taken up by Mark Bolton with less foresight and proved to him less fruitful, it was not the only cloud that cumbered and obscured him. While yet a lad, there descended upon him one of those unaccountable blights which it passes mortal skill to penetrate or ward off. It was not worldly disappointment or sentimental grief, and whatever the nature of the spiritual conflict which Mark Bolton waged for a life long, neither man nor woman knew the grounds that rendered him a grave, abstracted, downcast man from his earliest youth. His own family had an awe of him; with much tenderness, Mrs. Bolton exerted herself to receive Mark; the Squire attended to his words. May all good folk deal as reverently with tossed and tried souls, called by a mystery to pass through a furnace unheated for their fellows!

Sam, the first-born and future Squire, was an unbroken colt, take him at his own word, not fit for much, save to follow Sir Charles's hounds, to ride a race, to drink a toast, or to dance the country bumpkin in earnest. His mother was in despair at his coarseness and

low habits; but by the equanimity with which the Squire endured Master Sam's occasional bouts at the ale-house, or frolics in Market Northorpe when he spirited away the Mayor's gown, and hung it over the stocks, and drove a post-chase blindfold down the green lane one fine morning, it was plain that the old man interpreted between pure wild oats and such a crop, sown, grown, and matured, and did not give up his heir because it was the pleasure of the latter in his rare folly to be rude habitually, and a mad fool by snatches. It was in Sam's favor that Sylvia was only a little afraid of, as well as fond of him, in spite of his hectoring ways and scrapes, over which she cried her eyes out for half a day at a time.

What contrasts exist in families! Sam and Ned Bolton were of the same blood, brought up together, and save when Ned kept his terms at Oxford, whose halls and colleges were no school of manners, they moved in the same circle—yet they were as dissimilar as March and May. Ned was a slight, fair-haired, philandering person, holding the Market Northorpe curacy, preaching once a week the mildest and shortest of sermons, a great pet of ladies, and of his mother in particular. Ned crossed his legs and tapped his snuff-box with modish grace, not that he was the least naughty, or in the faintest degree a scandal to his cloth: he scarcely ever shot or rode, he only fished, and played on the flute, and dangled a book in his hand, or danced attendance upon women, young and old, rich and poor, pretty and plain, with the most commendable impartiality. He had been known to take off his hat to his pew-opener, and carry a loaded sack up the apple-room stairs to relieve Patty Ford.

Blunt substantial tradesmen, bluff yeomen, stout squires like his father, fell into some scorn of the dandified, low-voiced pulpit swain; but so unfeignedly gentle and kindly was he, that throughout his narrow parish, in addition to the reverence of the worthy members of the population for the representative of the Church, there was a general unacknowledged good will entertained for Ned Bolton in his proper person.

The clerical calling was then a singular sinecure, but it was not without its deep, still influence; and where the spotlessness of the lawn was preserved intact, it was certain, un-

less in very corrupt and agitated districts, to meet with regard.

So there they all were in the Walnut Parlor—the Bolton household, old and young—the Squire drinking his mug of ale, which he preferred to foreign wine; Madame Bolton pinching her frills, and declaring "a goose had gone over her grave," for she was taken with a shiver and must have her drops immediately; Sylvia tripping in from the mid-summer garden with a lapful of rose leaves, her father exclaiming, "lass, you'd better ha' been weeding the turnip field;" Sam growling at the heat as he fastened the thong of his whip; Ned smiling and stretching himself, and twirling a pencil; Mark bending his thoughtful head with brain-struck sickness, in the centre of sluggish rustic health; and to complete the picture, Black George, snatching open the door, twisting off his cap, and darting into the centre of the room to announce that there was a travelling chariot with mounted servants visible on the road to Market Northorpe.

Black George was a distinguished feature in the Gate-house and its economy—an instance of the prevailing rage for colored servants, relics of dwarfs and jesters. Black George was the Squire's body servant, picked up when Squire Bolton was himself a young man. Born and naturalized in England, his ebony complexion and capricious and passionate temper alone separated the fellow from native domestics.

Market Northorpe knew Black George as well as it knew Squire Bolton; he was as much of a fixture at the Gate-house as his master, though an object of childish aversion to his mistress who maintained with him an undignified and abiding war. To the others, Black George was officious, touchy, serviceable, attached; to Madam, he was mischievous, sly and dogged; yet the poor lady had not the slightest hope of getting rid of the goat in her flock, though she persisted in a persuasion that Black George would one day poison her with rat's-bane, or stab her with a carving-knife—and then see if Squire Bolton did not repent his rashness. But as Mrs. Bolton labored under various delusions—that she had swallowed a live wasp in a spoonful of honey, and not unfrequently heard it buzzing in its prison, and endured the agony of its sting—and that she had distinct personal intimation of the presence of spectres, whose

visitations and communications were as complicated and unaccountable as those delivered in Cock-lane—the Squire may be reasonably freed from the suspicion of any wicked unconcern for his wife's safety in the deaf ear, or the mockery with which he received her charges against his major-domo.

The intimation of a travelling chariot on the road was a matter of vast interest, and drew every hearer out to the porch; even Mrs. Bolton, with Ned's arm, managed to walk as far.

There before them lay the sunny landscape, greenwoods, lightly swaying meadow grass, softly rustling corn, little birds, surfeited with the warmth of the year in its prime, piping a few subdued notes, grasshoppers on the bank, bright-eyed field mice at the roots of hedges, beetles in the roses; Hodge driving the lazy cattle from the trout stream; and the chariot and six and liveried attendants, the great array of quality, quality so splendid, so effeminate, so worshipped, so despotic, wending by.

The Squire recollected himself, and affected unconcern. "Pooh, pooh! it is only Sir Charles coming home, I warrant, and high time; but it is not likely that he will either feast us or fight us, that we should be so high on the spectacle. It might be his Grace of Cumberland, or my Lord Bute, that the Lon'oners were crazed against, to see and hear you."

The Squire's philosophy was not infectious. "Dear heart, Mr. Bolton, you must pay your service early to Sir Charles. I wonder if he makes a long stay. He and my mother were far away cousins, and he once handed me out of church when I was a young thing. Oh, Sylvie! that I could see you so honored, and behaving worthy of the grace."

"Aye, aye, Sally, there's none of the tip-top gentry that you do not lay claim to; but you have a good example in a wide kindred—Adam's family is wider still."

"If Mr. Saville travels with Sir Charles, I had better call upon him, sir."

"What, because he will have a fat see, long before you are a grumbling vicar, son Ned. 'Make hay while the sun shines,' turns out an apostolic injunction."

"No, but I thought it but natural that two clergymen should make each other's acquaintance when they had the opportunity." Ned defended himself sheepishly.

"And give each other suitable advice.

He'll teach you the latest carving, lad, and how to blink a patron's vices."

"I have heard no harm of Mr. Saville, sir," with more spirit.

"No more have I, Ned: drop him."

The Squire was in a biting humor, that was clear.

"It will be a mighty shame if Sir Charles don't finish the stables when he is here." put in Sam, taking the first word of scolding.

"Every humble man to his hobby, and the great man to serve all."

"I want no man to serve me," retorted Sam, and flung off to the fields.

"How fine to count the first partners wherever you go, and own a grand coach to ride in whenever you choose," sighed Sylvia, standing on tiptoe to catch the last glimpse of the fleeting procession.

"To go junketing night after night, girl, gaming away purse and reputation. Better stick to woollens and linens, to presses and plasters, a world better, Syllly."

"What can bring Sir Charles down this year?" said Mark, speaking last. "I thought he had given up the old place since the Norfolk man shot himself in the picture gallery."

"Hush, boy, hush," exclaimed Mr. Bolton sharply. "Sir Charles suffers no comments on his own or his companions' misfortunes, no ill-timed plain-speaking. Remember that, or it may be the worse for you."

"Have you heard of a new Parliament in the wind?"

"As to that, they have not consulted me," confessed the Squire, composing himself. "If there be an election, sure his Majesty don't propose opposing Sir Charles," with a twinkle in his eye.

CHAPTER II.

HOWEVER, when Mark had ridden back to his school at Berescote, and the family were reassembled round the tea-table, Squire Bolton showed himself sufficiently roused by the baronet's arrival, and curious to ascertain its supposed motive, by announcing his intention of fulfilling that very night his engagement to tuck Sylvia under his arm—Sam and Ned and Black George were to follow at their leisure—for suburban roads of nights were not altogether safe—and Sylvia was to be deposited at Joan Littlepage's until the theatre doors were open, when he should treat them to a box at the play.

Sylvia was in ecstacy, only she had not

time to put on her sweet lilac suit, and had to run here and there to provide for her mother's comfort's in her absence, and to secure the punctuality of the friar's chicken and prunes for supper on their return, and to collect her habiliments—her mantle, her hood, her muffles—so that it is to be feared she was quite blowsy before she set out, but her brown eyes beamed all the brighter; and though the Squire never dreamt of accommodating his gait to her pace, her heart beat faster than her steps, all upon the entrancing play and a confidential chat with her dear Joan Littlepage.

Where, think you, Joan Littlepage resided? Not in any of the railed-in houses in the high street up which the Squire marched, nodding here and there; not in the close which survived the ruined cathedral, above which the new moon was rising; not in the vicarage, nor even in the doctor's dwelling; but in the back parlor of a little shop of hosiery, perfumes, gold and silver embroidery, and spangles, that was niched into an angle of the market-place. Don't suppose that Sylvia demeaned herself; Joan Littlepage had the entrance into the first houses of Market Northorpe, was the granddaughter of an unfortunate gentleman whose fortune went in the South Sea affair; her pedigree was rather better than Sylvia Bolton's, and though she had fallen to be supported by the proceeds of the little shop kept by her grandmother—a fine old lady—her faithful servant Bell, and Joan herself (on market days) not a soul in Market Northorpe ventured to look down on Mistress Joan, no, nor to condescend to her. She went to the assize balls in her ancestral brocades and diamond snaps; she stood next the Honorable Miss Annesly on the race-course. Mrs. Myres, the rich grocer's wife, felt herself highly honored when Mistress Joan gossiped with her over the counter, so that she was at liberty to send Mrs. Littlepage, within the hour, the offering of a pound of her best green tea, or a bag of her largest chesnuts to spit in the sea-coal fire.

Old Mrs. Littlepage was almost as rosy and hearty as the Squire; she had taken her poverty patiently, unaccompanied as it was by any diminution of the world's respect. She wore her scarlet gown, plaited frills, and drawn-silk hood while she served her customers, and was never disturbed by a sense of incongruity or reminded painfully that she had

seen better days. She could tell stories of the Bloody Circuit, and the poor maidens who cast their primroses and violets before Monmouth; and how the Princess Mary came back their queen, and was as humble and loving a wife as any village dame in all England.

Mrs. Littlepage had her cherry-brandy for the Squire, and her elder-flower wine and diet cake for Sylvia; and many a granny's "puss," and "chit," and "sweet," for her equally with Joan. And she loved them both so dearly, and held laborious Bell in such close esteem, and was so well disposed towards the rest of the world, that it was a marvel that she had still a large corner in her heart, and a considerable portion of her garrulous tongue, for Peter the cat.

"Come away, Sylvie," she would say; "give us your country news. Bless us! the girl's rosy cheeks will be the young sirs' death, one of these days. Whether is it to be, young Armytage or his cousin? You need not blush, Sylvie Bolton. Joan here stands long at the wall. Well, young Armytage's father stole a grass-green knot, and something else, the day I won the arrow in Hathaway Park. The times have grown tame. Bonny lasses are scarce, or bold lads not so willing as they were wont. Such a capering as we used to have. Is the spinage ready, Sylvie? Has your mother tried the sprig of rosemary on her pillow to keep away restlessness and ill dreams? Bell need not mind the shop when she has that ache in her back. I'll just turn the key in the lock; if anybody else comes, they can return in the morning. Hist, Peter, do you lift your tail at Sylvie? You are very particular! you did not caterwaul two hours last night with Sim Tayler's cat that wants a leg, taken off in the rabbit's trap. He is a cunning rogue, Peter; he is up in the buckle because he caught a mouse this week; he did, Sylvie, as near a rat as need be. Will you have a pinch, my dear? No? I believe it is Ned who tries his mother's box. But you should practise it, Sylvie; if taken with an air it is a pretty accomplishment; it clears the sight, and it is a privilege of people of degree. Become your degree, Miss, that is a safe rule."

Joan Littlepage was Mistress Joan—a swathy but not uncomely girl, with a good carriage, a lady's ease of address, and abundant indications of sense and sprightliness in her dark, irregular face.

Our ancestors did set store on wit and capacity. The charming Lady L——s, Anna Howes, and Lady Townleys had their originals, who kept "those wretches of men" at a most mortifying and tantalizing distance, delighted in speaking their shrewd, mischievous minds, and running the gauntlet of a thousand merry freaks and follies, while dragging rueful captives in their chains.

At the same time there was a method in their madness, a calculation in their wildest extravagances, a little hardness and a little coarseness, combined with honest principles and cordial inclinations,—at least so it was with Joan Littlepage. Far less simple than Sylvia Bolton, less generous, less tender, but sincere and kindly in her worldly wisdom—a dutiful grandchild, a fast friend.

Accordingly—to Joan Littlepage, in her undress chintz petticoat and linen jacket, busily engaged washing up and laying by the tea equipage in the little back parlor—with its silver caudle-cup, mounted deer's-horn, egg-shell china bowls, and ebony cabinet, its coarse druggot, housekeeper's presses, and kettle bubbling on the hob—the sight of her dear Sylvie Bolton was as welcome as money to the old, or love to the young.

"I'm your woman, my dear. I've been rummaging all over the house for a bit of duffel to mend Granny's petticoat; and, would you believe it, the moths have eaten three holes in my cloth habit. You might put your fingers through them; and I'm ready to drop, but I would not miss the play for a crown. They say Mrs. Daventry is equal to Mrs. Pritchard, and Lighton's a dear man—I could have run off with him myself, the fellow is so happy in his legs. I'll be ready in a trice; you'll be alone, and must go to bed early, granny; I'll tell you all the dresses and the fine speeches to-morrow.

"Fiddle-faddle! the deuce is in the girls, they're so conceited. The old wives cannot do without them. How did I manage before you were born, child—aye, and before your biesed mother came into the world? I'll keep Peter in order, and doctor Bell, and enjoy my own thoughts."

"I wish you could come with us, Mrs. Littlepage."

"La, child, I have not been across the threshold, save to church, these half-dozen years, only when Molly Parnell was taken and the goodman at Gloucester. But I sang the

Carol with the best of them last Christmas; and I never weary of my thoughts, Sylvie, child—how I knew this one and that one, and what they said and did long ago. It is better than any book, save the *Bible* and *Clarissa*. Oh! that vile man—oh! that suffering angel!—Children, beware in time."

"If she had only not written to him," suggested Sylvia, piteously.

Mrs Littlepage corrected her.

"It was to hear the particulars of the Grand Tour, my dear; and her friends authorized it at first—you recollect—but once begin never end."

"I would have married him, and scratched his eyes out next day," said Joan, from the closet where she was making her toilette. The old woman and the young continued to discourse with enthusiasm on the creations of their great enchanter—whose shades moved the hearts of thousands and cost rivers of tears. How wise *Clarissa* was, how sweetly dignified; how wicked *Lovelace*, how cruel her family, how instructive the dear martyr's death! With lifted hands, and sighs and alacks! as if they had passed the personages in the streets, ate and drank in their company, worn mourning for their untimely end.

When Joan Littlepage re-entered in her carnation paduasoy and black velvet hat, the Squire, Sam, and Ned were all come, and impatient to be off for the prologue, written by Johnson and first spoken by Garrick. But prior to their departure the Squire gallantly saluted Madam Littlepage, and immediately afterwards entered into a violent contention with her, on his decision of not returning to supper—during which Sam and Ned had an opportunity of showing their manners to Mrs. Littlepage's fair grand-daughter. Very formal these manners, in spite of their intimacy, very profound the bowing and courtesying!

"Madam, your servant."

"Sir, I'm obliged to you."

"I'm glad that you mean to honor the play with your presence."

"We hear so few pretty speeches elsewhere, that we are grateful to the stage."

"You are hard, Miss Littlepage."

"You are covetous, Mr. Ned Bolton; you take things to yourself; your brother is more discreet."

"I can't abide flattery."

"Vastly humble, Mr. Sam, if—it often comes in your way."

Ned simpering and complacent, Sam bashful and uncouth, Joan bridling with power and play.

The dispute between the principals ended, the company set out, forming on their walk as tasteful a little private show as the populace of Market Northrope could gloat over.

The Squire led them, his broad-brimmed beaver and firm calves calculated to impress his satellites. The two girls walked next—jet and pearl—mincing, as those peaked shoes, ample tucked-up skirts, and poised head-gear compelled their wearers to mince; one of them glancing slyly back at their young cavaliers, both bright with the keen anticipation of enjoyment. The two young men dressed with care, as men of condition of all tastes and tempers then distinguished themselves in public—their ruffles spotless, their coats unexceptionable—no groom-like roughness, no student's slovenliness. Black George closed the file, in his grey livery, with a cane and a nosegay, strutting as one who would strongly maintain his master's dignity.

The theatre then was sure of its audience—grave citizens, learned scholars and divines, men of rank and note, the worthy and good, were included among the numerous playgoers.

Tradesmen carried thither their spruce wives and daughters to have a holiday of both eyes and ears; to pay heed to the fortunes of George Barnwell, the idle apprentice; to weep for the degradation of Jane Shore; to applaud Jessy Oatland; to laugh and scold the Good-Natured Man. The neighboring gentry came in once or twice a week, to break, by a lively intellectual diversion, the monotony of their round games and their country dances.

There were then well-employed country companies, respected and respectable among their compeers, who had never set foot on London boards, and who could yet do justice to the brilliance of Congreve, Farquhar, Moore, and Sheridan—a sad pity that there was so much low and bad to pollute that pleasant and cheerful sparkle, and render it often pernicious and ghastly; besides there were great stars that now and then condescended to blaze in a confined firmament, and represent what Shakspeare wrote as the world's poet meant it.

Each country town had its theatre with decent accommodation, full support—and, to

do it justice, frequent benefits for charitable and benevolent purposes.

The Boltons found therefore no empty house, no lack of comrades in their gadding. The Squire shook hands with the manager, whose playbills and fugitive pieces were thrown off at Mr. Bolton's printing-office, and who had quitted the green-room to receive the Mayor and Corporation, his express patrons that evening; and the Boltons were shown to the Squire's favorite box, where, before the curtain drew up, the girls had time to nod to many of their acquaintances—the Oliveres, the Parnells, the Singletons, the Norrises—besides fanning themselves at the mere spectacle of the crush and heat in the pit, where there was invariably a sailor who would be noisy and troublesome—one would think he came on purpose—and who uniformly called forth first the laughter, and then the wrath of the assembly.

The curtain drew up on a rustic cottage and a mysterious gentleman in a horseman's cloak; and Sylvia crossed her hands and set herself to be entranced by the story, all in a tremble the one moment, smiling with satisfaction the next; never criticising except when she could not help it—when her attention was laid hold of by the late entrance of company into an opposite box—two gentlemen, strangers to the town, one of them remarkable enough to attract a large proportion of eyes from the piece.

The chief was a young gentleman, a very fine young gentleman, to whom, in appearance, Sylvia's brothers were nothing, so splendidly was he attired for the occasion; scarlet coat and vest edged with gold lace; cocked hat, laced also; Meehlin cravat; hair powdered to the last puff. Moreover, he was a fine-looking young fellow, fit to do justice to his extravagance. His companion was but a respectable shadow in black, who might be good Mr. Bennet the chaplain, or learned Dr. Hughes the physician.

A great buzz went through the boxes: some young friend of Sir Charles come down that afternoon to bear him company at the Hall, certainly a person of consequence, affably disposed to grace the town in its drama. Market Northrope was properly elated.

In the meantime the performance went on, and the audience had it in their power to scrutinize the stranger thoroughly, and he to

stare about him, which, without rudeness, he did freely. He looked especially, and with reason, at the Bolton's box, openly and behind his playbill, repeating the compliment as if something within its bounds struck, and irresistibly attracted him.

"Lord! how that grand fellow notices you, Sylvia; he cannot give you up. I think you have made a conquest," whispered Joan Littlepage.

Sylvia was manœuvring her fan, with her sweet face as pink as a rose. Of course she denied the implication.

"Why do you say he is looking at me? He is looking about him; it is at you as well."

"Not he," returned Joan, nonchalantly. "Nobody looks at my black face until I open my mouth; some impudent young town spark. I would call the man to order, if I were you, my dear."

But the face which so wilfully followed Sylvia Bolton was not impudent; bold it might be, and frank, but an honest young face, fair as Sylvia's own, only somewhat sunburnt, more so than those of most Londoners who spent their hours at routs and rackets, in taverns and gaming-houses.

Between the acts, Mr. Bolton left his seat to chat in the lobby with elderly gossips and politicians, always ready to discuss public affairs—what Cornwallis was about, any signs of another Lisbon earthquake; and his place was filled up by one young male acquaintance or another inclined for a change of position, or aspiring to be gallant, bringing the young ladies oranges, or venturing to break a lance in lively discourse with Joan Littlepage.

Such a chance guest satisfied the girls' curiosity regarding the new comer—Mr. Guy Hathaway, Sir Charles's young relative, fresh from Cambridge.

There was a little disappointment—he might have been a peer's son, at least, but was only Mr. Guy!—which, however, soon subsided, and was succeeded by pleasant and sagacious inferences and comparisons. Mr. Guy, who had been about Market Northorpe when a child, and for that matter was born in the neighborhood, grown into so accomplished a young man!

So like the Guy Hathaway branch, to introduce himself with this foolish flourish of finery (they were all good-humored, vain, brave, warm-hearted, improvident gentlemen,

these Guy Hathaways,)—deputed from Sir Charles's dinner-table, doubtless to achieve a little extra popularity—the herald to the town following close upon Sir Charles's unexpected appearance at the Hall, what could be at the bottom of this excitement?

The Hathaways were an old Saxon family reckoning an honorable descent of scores of generations; yet it is not known that they counted kindred with the yeoman's daughter, Ann Hathaway who won the heart of the wool-comber's son, Will Shakespeare. Parallel with the main stem, illustrated by Sir Charles, ran a collateral bough of the family tree, as gay and green, and, in a mercenary light, unprofitable as the other was robust and affluent. The younger branch was in fact habitually dependent upon the bounty of the elder, and seemed incapable of rising into individual and separate prosperity; for however proportioned and provided for the representatives were, and they had never been very numerous, they invariably returned, either in their own persons or in those of their children, privileged claimants on the interest and the liberality of their leaders. Yet among swarms of similar inferiors, pensioners, led captains, the poor Hathaways were honorably unsullied by servility and rapacity, by second-hand insolence and profligacy; they were manly, open-handed, and true, if not much encumbered with forethought or application, and if sometimes reckless and spendthrift; friendly mediators between the great man and the townspeople; held in affectionate respect and regard, their follies excused, their dashing qualities applauded, perhaps more beloved if less feared than the veritable owners of the Hall.

Thus, when the first sensation passed, and Mr. Guy was generally recognized, there was a reaction, and a cordial current in his favor pervaded the house. There was even an attempt at a demonstration in the guise of a little cheering when he rose to go, and then he bowed with shy pleasant bluster, and a few of the secondary gentry pressed forward to accost him, and attain precedence in his good graces.

Therefore Sylvia Bolton wondered whether he would think of opening and occupying the park cottage which had belonged to his father; and whether poor Patty Ford, his old nurse—light-headed since she had the brain fever, in consequence of allowing him, as a baby, to fall over the elder bushes into

the half-choked marl pit, an accident from which he escaped miraculously with life and limb, would go clean out of her wits now that she saw him such a gallant young master.

Starting, half consciously, from a long silence in their walk home at the sober hour of nine, when the sunset was yet crimson in the west, Sylvia addressed her father with a fear that they had left Mrs. Littlepage discontented at their obstinate refusal of her entertainment.

Squire Bolton had been as mute as Sylvia, and he aroused himself with a still greater effort.

"In displeasure, did you say? A plaguy old lady, not to allow people to know their own minds. Baked meats not good enough to tempt our appetites! prodigious nice ones she must judge them. For my part, I'd as lief feed on beans and bacon as on roasts and stews, and ragouts and sauces. Do you agree, Syllly?"

"I don't know, father; I never tried," Sylvia replied, with a laugh: nevertheless, her father urged the inquiry gruffly, as if her hilarity did not suit him.

"To churn the butter in place of toying it into pats; to poach the eggs where you wasted them in custards; to sit among the fitches, earthenware and bricks of a kitchen instead of the drugget and wainscot of a parlor; to play at blind-man's-buff, and telling stories in place of *Love after Supper*, and *Commerce* and such mummeries as *Minuettes de la Cour*; to wear your pockets for use, not show, and plain skirts and calicoes for trains and brocades—but to keep a brave heart and a clear conscience. It would not be intolerable, would it, Syllly?"

"No, I don't think I should mind it," granted Sylvia, considering, "If I did not see people who had been my friends before; for you know, sir, they would feel surprised, and might not be inclined to follow my example."

"You are a little fool, like the rest of them," ejaculated the Squire, so pettishly, that although Sylvia was puzzled to read his meaning, she did not care to prolong the argument.

CHAPTER III.

SIR CHARLES and Mr. Guy Hathaway called the next day at the Gate-house; they came in state, as if they had been to wait on the Lord-Lieutenant.

Sylvia hurried to her mother's room with

the great news the moment she desried Sir Charles alighting at the gate.

Mrs. Bolton was in a fuss—she must go down to welcome Sir Charles, little as she was able for it. Mr. Bolton would be very careless of the entertainment, and would expose his country breeding; but at the same time she must be dressed in her best to receive her distinguished connection—so Sylvia brought out the worked suit, the clocked stockings, and the paint-pot; and after Mrs. Bolton had been laced and touched up, and had swam here and there to try the effect—when Sylvia had pantingly completed her labors, Black George looked in upon them with a grin, and demanded if he should set the table for dinner.

"What do you mean, fellow?" inquired Mrs. Bolton, with great scorn. "Is there no more fitting refreshment for Sir Charles than a vulgar family meal? Fly down to the cellar, Sylvia, and remember the cut glasses."

"Mercy on us! madam," in affected dismay, "Sir Charles and his young man left half an hour ago—and the Squire has gone out likewise, although it is past noon—and Mr. Sam is fidgeting to be off pigeon-shooting."

"Get out of my sight, you ugly crow! He's mocking me, I know he is, and so are you, Syllly, to make me rise and have on my fine things when you know how ill I was, and all for nothing. Oh, what a world it is! What wretches everywhere!" and poor Mrs. Bolton fell back in violent hysterics.

When Sylvia tried to recover her mother with hartshorn and burnt feathers and the unfailing drops, the truth must be told that the sick lady rallied for a moment from her gulps and snatches to administer to Sylvia's round, officious, vexed face a sound slap, and sent the good daughter wounded and aggrieved from the room.

"Shall I run out and look for the Squire, Miss? Shall I lay a cover in the pantry for Mr. Sam? I'll undertake the sage for the goose, Miss Sylvie; only trust me," pleaded Black George penitently; but Sylvia, though the last person in the world to bear malice, could not at once forget his offence and its consequences.

Mr. Bolton and Ned came in together—Ned disposed to be talkative, the Squire taciturn, which was not his ordinary habit.

There was to be a dissolution of Parlia-

ment; the clever writing men to whom the senate of Liliput owed so much, would be saved a great deal of ingenious invention, and the seat—the old Hathaway seat—was actually to be contested. A Londoner, whom nobody knew, except that he belonged to the treasonable and revolutionary Opposition, was coming down to oppose Sir Charles in his own county.

Ned Bolton enlarged on the absurdity of the measure, and the precarious and discreditable position into which the aspirant was about to thrust himself, the Squire saying nothing, looking up now and then as if he listened—that was all.

Of course Ned was edified by Sir Charles's dignity. He had struck Sylvia from a distance as a slight, sallow, insignificant figure of a man, even in velvet and lace; but no question but that spending all his life in the highest society, presiding in power and patronage, would render him a noble gentleman. True it is—and a great modern observer has recalled it to us—that with all their errors, their frequent guilt and misery, the state they maintained, the homage they received, made of even the most ordinary men of that aristocracy magnates more or less superb.

Mr. Guy, Ned said, was unassuming, and inclined to be familiar with Sam on field sports; they were what were naturally in his way—though Sir Charles might provide for him by an office under Government, or a commission in the army, any day.

Ned invited Sylvia to take an airing in the garden. She still strove to swallow her disappointment at missing so auspicious an incident in their lives as Sir Charles's call—he had asked for the ladies, too, and wished to pay his compliments to them, but the Squire put him off. She would so have liked a peep, to be able to report to Joan Littlepage, although Mr. Guy was a little too bad—and at that idea Sylvia hung her head and plaited her voluminous muslin apron, embroidered by her own nimble fingers; while Ned still impressed upon the child what a great man Sir Charles was, how honored they were by his slightest notice, how foolish of any stranger to oppose him—that only a stranger could have presumed so unwarrantably and wildly, and exposed himself to certain disgrace, not to say danger.

Market Northorpe was yet more concerned about Sir Charles's errand than it had been on his unannounced presence at the Hall. Such a wild-goose scheme, such a daring Londoner!

There was a faction against venerable authority, as where is there not a faction, but it was so small, so contemptible—the Methodist tanner, (the Methodists were very weak at Market Northorpe)—the seditious infidel basket-maker—Torney Aylott, who was suspected of lending money on usury—the ruined yeoman who had been in jail for poaching.

The party was so worthless that it scarcely merited the notice of a ducking. It was not even likely that cold, proud Sir Charles, vindictive though he was, would demean himself to be revenged on such a crew.

Still, paltry as the fuel was, all Market Northorpe kindled into a blaze, and after it had cried out at the audaciousness of the invader, so far from falling back on the plenitude of its superiority, it prepared to punish the disturbers of its tranquility to their hearts' content.

Heads of guilds met to reinforce restrictions on trade, and old municipal rights, which should effectually fetter and famish suspected interlopers and hangers-on for the custom of the place. Bands of apprentices and journeymen assembled with little concealment, to practise musters and plans of action which should reduce the new candidate to enter the town with a guard of soldiers.

Already it was within a week of the election, and the streets were less orderly, the population more unsettled, than they had been found for years; and Sylvia, calling for Joan Littlepage, dared not stay for a dish of tea, not even at the primitive hour of four, under the risk of mortally offending Mrs. Littlepage on the only point whereon she was sore and punctilious—the hospitality of herself, Joan, Bell, and Peter.

Mrs. Littlepage proved more placable than could have been expected, and Joan was somehow out of sorts, for she bounced off her seat every time there was a tap on the counter without, and insisted on serving all the customers during Sylvia's visit.

"Stout worsted for riding hose? Here is a cable twist, an't please you; and come,

Letty, coax Goody to buy you a few yards of red riband for strappers, and I will give you a comb into the bargain."

Strange to see Joan Littlepage put out, but the truth was she and Granny were full of a scandalous tale which had reached their ears regarding their friends at the Gatehouse. They hesitated to speak it out to Sylvia lest she should resent it as too gross an aspersion to be borne, even as a mere repetition from the lips of friends.

At last Madam Littlepage could hold in no longer. "I could never ha' believed it, Sylvie; your father, who is as well-born as any of us, to desert his class, and go with the scum of the town!"

"To vote against Sir Charles, who may be Beelzebub, but who is still Sir Charles," echoed Joan, irresistibly.

"To sink himself and his family! Not one of the gentry, not a respectable merchant; and the Lon'oner may be in business himself—may sell coals or write plays, for aught we know. Oh, Sylvie, it is a sore come-down and a stain upon the whole community."

Sylvia was amazed, affronted, and resentful. She did not know why her father, of all the men in the world, should be accused of looseness of opinion and baseness of conduct. She could not think why Market Northorpe dared bring such a charge against him. But the Littlepages shook their heads, and averred they did not wish to be convinced—far from it—of what was so detrimental to the Boltons' honor and interest, but Sir Charles's steward was circulating it in the town. Plainly, Squire Bolton would not back his master, and declared his intention of upholding the stranger.

And Squire Bolton had no accredited provocation; the Boltons had never come in hostile contact with the Hathaways. During the entire history of the respective houses. Sir Charles had not "stolen their ox," or defrauded them in heart or reputation. They had been old neighbors, and although by no means equals, on fair terms.

The serious defection came like a thunderbolt on Market Northorpe; and so great was the shock, so considerable the personal influence that Squire Bolton had wielded, that, had not his flagrant contumacy been directed against their ruler, the townspeople might have been shaken in their allegiance. As it

was, their condemnation was unanimous, and kept pace with their wonder.

Sylvia went home piqued, frightened and distressed, stumbling in the broad sunshine, up the green lane where the beech leaves were already crisp and sombre; by the Hathaway woods, one uniform mass of color; past Mr. Guy's cottage, where the jesamine straggled in neglected luxuriance, except on one side, where it had been blighted by lightning, and clung, a dead, black network shroud, to the mossy wall; along the white dusty road into their own trim garden, where she had carried so few heavy thoughts, or incomprehensible, inevitable cares; straight to the Walnut Parlor, where she entered upon the whole family assembled in conclave to discuss the tidings which had preceded her—puzzled, doubtful, indignant faces, because Squire Bolton was too original and independent not too have already startled his children, and convinced them ere now that he preserved in full his right of private verdict, unswayed by the awful weight of public opinion.

The servants in a house are apt to be better informed than their superiors. The rumor of the Squire's perverseness had reached his kitchen, and Black George had felt instigated to hint it pretty broadly that day to Madam Bolton. The Squire, silent as stone previously, while his children unsuspectingly retailed the Market Northorpe political creed, was subjected to an immediate conjugal and filial attack, to which he had the courage to plead guilty. He was still at the bar when Sylvia entered, and court and culprit presented themselves to her alarmed scrutiny.

The Squire was the most prominent figure in the group, one brown hand holding his beloved pipe, the other resting on the table before him. Firm as granite the old man looked, but grave, for he alone of all that clamorous band had fully counted the costs.

Mrs. Bolton was sighing and groaning, and declaring that "Mr. Bolton's shameful conduct would bring her to the grave." Sam stood leaning against the chimney-piece as hostile as if he were not also as rough and gruff as the most cross-grained specimen of protest and resistance; Ned was flushed and pained, peaceable to a degree, but driven to bay, his own father the aggressor, on his feet, too, because it was the more respectful pos-

ture, fluttering his white hand among his ruffles, and looking at the ground; and last, arrested at the door, Sylvia, with her unfastened mantle falling from her shoulders, her bare round arms, her hat hanging from her hand by its long strings, and her scared face.

Mr. Bolton, with all his sarcastic humor, was a candid and indulgent father. Hence this outbreak. Besides, the effects of his resolution concerned all, and were momentous enough to warrant resistance on the part of his family.

"You were always a cruel man, Mr. Bolton," raged his lady; "considering nobody but yourself in your deeds. But you'll repent this, sir; you'll repent it!"

The Squire was serious, but his sense of the ridiculous could not resist this appeal.

"My life!" he said, bowing low, "I hope you don't mean to be the instrument of retribution; I hope you have more tenderness for your nerves and your affections."

His incensed wife covered her face, and through her teeth styled him "a wretch," as she designated Black George twenty times a day; but she probably used the word in a modified sense, as ladies then bestowed it freely without any excess of virulence, and on far less provocation, against teasing lovers and husbands. "These wretches of men," we suspect, was a phrase capable of becoming complimentary and endearing; but by Madam Bolton it was not now employed in a kind sense—no, not by any means.

"Indeed, sir," urged Ned, "for a man who has all his life preserved a character for sense and sobriety, the father of a family, the head of a respectable house, to be guilty of so violent a step—such a change of colors."

"You are wrong there, Ned," exclaimed the Squire abruptly; "I have not turned my coat. I could not help wanting an opportunity to parade its real side."

"If it had been a stand-out for a good end,—to put down the turnpikes, and to get up a new *corps* of yeoman, to support skittles and football, and keep out papists and foreigners," Sam complained; "but to side with a pack of low beggars, who would make us all shopkeepers together; I cannot understand it, father."

"Well, Syll, your mother and your brothers have spoken their minds, and now it is your turn. What have you to say against

your father's proceedings? It ain't polite or prudent. It is shameful, this row, eh?"

The address made Sylvia's heart swell with a sudden, swift, strong reaction; she walked to her father's side and clasped her hands tight on his arm:—

"Do what you think right, papa; you know best."

The innocent words of confidence and submission almost overthrew the Squire's composure; but he recovered himself, and striking his fist on the table, gave his family an explanation of his motives in living words from whose stern sincerity and force they recoiled.

"Wife and children, you think me possessed; bent on branding your position and prospects with a mark which they will not survive, for no reason but my own folly or wickedness. Not so. When I was younger than you, boys, I went up to Lon'on, and I saw life there; life the result of a luxurious, despotic upper class, and a subservient, cringing people. I mixed in it—rubbed clothes with the bullies and the beaux, the rakes and harlots, the statesmen who had "their price," the thieves who never saw Tyburn, the priests who preached unmoved, the authors who be-slavered the very handmaids of high places. I don't say that I was without sin, or that I came back unstained; but while I hated my kind I swore that, if I ever saw the day, I would raise my voice in the View Halloo to pull down those cursed barriers that make men either sultans or slaves. There may be rascals engaged in the work, I cannot help it; the first stones displaced may crush me and mine, I have no notion of proving coward any more than rogue. There is a motion against these monstrous privileges; and although I have no great stomach for the Dissenters, Ned—nor for the Sir Andrew Freeports, Sam—the deuce take it but they may mend public matters, since they cannot mar them, though they are not the fashion in Market Northorpe. Sir Charles and his kind have misruled the morals of the nation long enough. So there is the plain fact of the matter. And now, son Ned, you may sneak after patronage, and reprobate me if you will; and you, Sam, may swear and drink to my confusion, and ride yourself whipper-in to Sir Charles—possibly, in spite of your name, as he remains a bachelor, he may allow you the low-

est seat at his table and a place at the meet. And you, madam, aid and abet your sons—it is not the first time that wives have been unfaithful and children undutiful in the cause of the great. But don't you break your heart, little Sylly; you and I, and poor Mark, who does not heed the world's wind and tide, will let the rest go and weather the storm in company, though we save but a crust of bread and a cup of water."

So Squire Bolton marched out from the middle of the confounded malcontents.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE must have been sweet blood in these incongruous Boltons; spite of sufficient exasperation and an incapacity to master the argument, they did not desert their head.

Not only Mark, who launched a strangely incorporeal and impartial epistle into the heat and passion of Market Northorpe, deponing that there were germs of truth in the mutual pleas of most general questions, proceeding to quote Brutus against Cæsar, and Cæsar against Brutus—but timorous Ned and blustering Sam. The old man might be in the main crochety and stubborn, and their principles were different as they were ready to prove, but that should not prevent them standing by him and his, least of all when it might become their interest to fail him. No one else should cry him down, and they looking on and listening to the "Hark for'ard." No, no, whatever their private lamentations might be, they were not ashamed of him. They did stand by him, Ned lackadaisically, Sam doggedly.

Mrs. Bolton herself was not more than usually humorsome, and only occasionally bore witness that her goodman had the characteristics of both serpent and bear; that she knew the sting of that perennial wasp aggravated by his unheard-of and unchristian behavior, and cankering beyond alleviation from Hollands and herb tea. Sylvia was full of fright that papa should see fit to oppose quality like Sir Charles, whom God had exalted to govern them, but united the extremes of love and indignation on the Squire's behalf, faithful fondness for him, vehement anger against his adversaries—were he to constitute himself sheriff of the county, vicar of the parish, mayor of the town, in one, and proceed to tax, fine, and coerce the inhabitants on his own authority,

it would have been alike to Sylvia. Although new to adverse circumstances, she discovered herself fertile in ingenious devices to divert the attention and soothe the asperity of the culprit and martyr; he should see the boys play bowls—he should tell her what to do with her young pheasants—he should try his toast and tankard, and forgive his Sylly for burning the one and spilling the other, because she had such a riddle for him as would take him a week to solve.

Once exalted to be a man of note, an oracle, and a model, to ever so small a portion of our fellow-creatures, it is hard to endure the reverse. Poor Squire Bolton was now experiencing the inconstancy of favor, and although he nodded his head, and bore up like a man, he felt the sentence with all his English single-heartedness and pride. It was hard to stamp down Market Northorpe-street, and find only averted faces; to lounge for an afternoon in his printing-office, uncheered by a single listener to the last London columns; to be shamefully omitted in the Mayor's dinner; to sit in his pew in church, and hear the parson whom his son Ned assisted, preach for an hour and a half on the fraternal baseness of Aaron and Miriam, the eyes of the congregation supplying the point, and he only able to bless himself that Madam Bolton was not present to beat an accompaniment—and to know, ay, to have it carved on his inmost heart, that, while Sir Charles smiled superciliously and snapped his fingers, he would compass heaven and earth to win for him the wages of whiggery.

In the mean time, the business of the election went on the more briskly on account of the absence of unanimity. Sir Charles spared nothing; he feasted and flattered; he condescended to visit the principal townsmen standing uncovered before him; he gave substantial earnest of friendship and regard to husbands and fathers—and for pretty, prating, wilful wives and daughters, he ordered all the top-knots in Mrs. Littlepage's shop, with hoods and beaver hats, and sets of lace neckerchiefs and aprons by the score, from London; he opened the taverns, and entertained the toppers royally at his own cost. Mr. Guy, with his comely face and pleasant tongue, made himself universally agreeable; patted and tossed up the children; chucked the girls; handed up and down the simpler-

ing old bodies—and just for a frolic, and to enable Mr. Lane, the cheese-factor, to attend a meeting of the corporation, whipped on his apron, and dispensed pound upon pound of double Gloucester and Cheshire, at Sir Charles's expense, to whoever would favor him with their custom.

The town rang with Mr. Guy's glory; and, as if gaiety and gallantry, and a nature that was honest and true at the core, were not enough, Sir Charles brought down his beautiful, fashionable niece, Mrs. Latimer, to preside over his banquets, and grace his gatherings, and altogether to dazzle, dumbfounder, and double-chain his people.

The fine ladies, a hundred years ago—what stories are told of their wealth of beauty and wit! How skittish they were; how hair-brained; what lengths they went to attain an end; how they cast it aside when gained. Mrs. Latimer was such a one; she had danced at Ranelagh and Vauxhall; she had gambled; she had masqueraded; had “drunk, sworn, and smoked,” when it suited a purpose; she had celebrated her follies at Richmond; and her whims at Greenwich; and she too had saved her reputation, and escaped the small-pox. She came to the country jaded with cards, auctions, and court dresses, to stimulate herself with a little bit of friendship to Sir Charles by securing his election. Half a century afterwards, Market Northorpe had traditions of her wondrous loveliness, grace, and affability; how she toasted every guest; led off Sir Roger de Coverley each time she could find partners for her men; invited all the young people to London to visit her—and promised to return to the Hall to celebrate in person the marriage of each of the young ladies; made the favors, and pinned them on the breasts of the bashful voters; begged a loan of Mrs. Myres' shawl, and wore it knotted round her clip-some waist on the hustings; and, greatest feat of all, waylaid the poacher farmer, and by fair means or foul, by liberty to shoot in the Hathaway preserves every moonlit night in the season, by a thirty years' lease of his little farm, or by a bold challenge to kiss her rosy mouth while she held a guinea between her white teeth, one way or other, carried him triumphantly in her own carriage, a hot recreant to the polling booth.

Sylvia Bolton would have given her two delicate ears to have met and been noticed

by Mrs. Latimer—to have had her borrow her patterns as she begged those of the Parnells and Olivers, (she had the newest in town, which she would be sure to forward to her good friends in future; but she was a sad grig the moment her feet touched the pavement, and could only work in the country) to have seen her hold up her quilted satin petticoat and display her twinkling feet in the last step, laughing and bidding them keep time more like poor merry Anne Boleyn than her wise daughter Queen Bess.

But all this enjoyment was denied Sylvia by her father's eccentricity, and it was a sign of her unselfishness that she resigned it only with a little sigh and not without a particle of malice against the origin of her loss. So rare, too, were the little girl's coveted opportunities of studying finished manners, so perpetually her mother worried her on her homeliness.

The efforts of the intruding candidate were quite eclipsed. They were confined to riding over with several servants, supposed to be constables in disguise, and taking up his residence at the surly tanner's, where the effluvia from the skins and the bark would have driven away a nose of the least gentility. Certainly, the inns in Market Northorpe refused to admit him within their ever open doors, and the Gate House was too far out of the way to serve as head-quarters; and considering that he was exposing himself to considerable personal risk, and dared not appear abroad after nightfall, perhaps his presence alone merited a little more gratitude, without noticing the rival hoods, beaver hats, and aprons which, as they were of no finer material or more excellent device than the baronet's, were rejected with scorn.

The volunteer member was only the son of a great Bristol merchant, and it was alleged that his only sister had been run away with by a gentleman of Sir Charles's rank in life. He was a man of parts and judgment, the desperate nature of his enterprise not subjecting him to a charge of headstrong folly; for every cause has its beginning, and the infancy of a genuine, wholesome, democratic element was—with a few exceptions, where the influence leapt at once into vigor—thus struggling into hardy growth throughout the country.

When his voice was heard, Mr. Joyce spoke with the fervor of conviction against

family boroughs, closed Parliaments, coal and salt taxes, Walcheren expeditions—causing Squire Bolton to smack his lips and clap his hands with fiery approval; but Mr. Joyce was seldom allowed speech; and when the election day arrived, they were intrepid gentlemen who, from a neighboring county, appeared and walked along with Squire Bolton of the Gate House to confront Sir Charles Hathaway and his exulting host.

That scene—has not Hogarth immortalized its minutest traits directly or by implication? The clamor, the commotion, the huzzaing, the hissing and hooting, the pelting with mud, soot, and dead cats, with fragments of earthenware and deadly brickbats—the roar of joy and derision, when Sir Charles was proclaimed member—the swaying of the mob to engulf the beaten man and his friends as they descended from the platform, the prompt masterly retreat of the vanquished, the rising yell of vengeance from their pursuers, the magistrates supine and agitated, the buffoons in vain exerting their waggery, the riotous braggart and brutal, the escape of the compact band from the back premises of the tan-work, and Squire Bolton's gallop home to quiet the apprehensions of his family, and man the Gate House if necessary—these and a thousand other traits the earlier Thackeray limned for posterity in touches fresh as yesterday.

That night the Gate House was surrounded by a throng of light-headed, besotted folk, cramming the terraces, trampling down Sylvia's sweet-peas, larkspur, and sun-flowers, assembled there for the purpose of meanly abusing their success, and galling their old friend and new foe by burning under his nose and the noses of his family the effigies of the whole household.

A strange contrast; the calm, sweet summer twilight—the jeering, groaning crowd, many a woman's mob cap and scarlet cloak among the men's smock-frocks, here and there a slouched, muffled, stealthy air, as if better-to-do persons mixed in the outbreak, but were ashamed of it even then; the thick volumes of smoke and flare of burning wood and resin, rising into the blue sky; and ranged in a grotesque row, facing the carefully shuttered parlor window, parent and child, a whole cavalcade of Banquo's spectres, or Punches and Judies—the oddest mixture of tragic and comic, with a cast of true art in

the hanging head and the salts of Madam Bolton, the hoe and clouted shoes of the Squire, Ned's white neckcloth, Mark's vest buttoned awry and his hat reversed, Sam's gun and kennel, and poor Sylvia's huge nose-gay, even to black George brandishing a toasting-fork.

Within the darkened room, the family through chinks and crevices inspected the demonstration. The Squire had been with difficulty withheld from throwing out his old hunting coat and peruke a contribution to the masquers' wardrobe, but watched warily notwithstanding, for who could tell when their rough play would turn to rougher earnest, and beneath his lapels, unseen by the women, he grasped his pistols. Ned was quieting his mother in most genuine hysterics; and although the poor fellow was white and shocked, he stood between her and the danger, and reassured her by cool words, to which his beating heart was an involuntary traitor.

"Now, my dear madam, it is just a pretty little show—will be over presently—diverts the poor people. See, Sam and Syly are absolutely enjoying it."

He stretched a point about Syly; but Sam did appear to appreciate the scene, so greedily he peered at it, barely stifling his fierce desire that the rioters should come on and do farther mischief, though he had not even the sword which he wore abroad, but only a stout ashen stick, which he held like a vice.

Sylvia was terrified, but with something stimulating in her alarm, something keen and self-forgetful, that kept her from shrieking and shaking, and made her kneel in the shadow of Sam's arm and gaze with a blanched face, but clear eyes, upon the actors and prompters on this familiar stage. She could not help a little wild nervous laugh, when an incautious movement brought her shadow there, without, toppling down among the feet of the others. Her father cried, "hush! hush! Syly;" Ned was scandalized; Mrs. Bolton sobbed that she was a little vixen; but she did not mind them much at that moment.

The most excited spectator of the great dolls was Black George. A farm servant or two, summoned hastily, stood stolid, with goggle eyes, and now and then an irresistible grin; the very women were generally more

indignant than appalled; but the West Indian was beside himself with bootless rage—he writhed, he ejaculated, his dark eyes seemed to scintillate, he danced with frenzy. He rushed in with shoe-brushes and table knives, and a boiler of hot water, to hurl at his tormentors; but when their shouts waxed louder, and they pressed against the thick door, a shiver ran through his limbs, his olive skin grew green with horror—passionate, furious, reckless, Black George might be, gallant for one moment, but not steadfastly courageous for two.

It indicated the amount of Mrs. Bolton's consternation rather than her penetration, when she fraternized with her enemy in this their common strait, calling upon him to stand by her in her need, and die in the defence of her and Sylvia, and she would forgive all his offences, yes, every thing; while Mr. Bolton and Sam, and the farming men were growling to him to be quiet and be hanged to him.

After a full display of their figures, the ringleaders prepared to dispose of them in a graphic significant style; they applied a lit match to the powder already stored in their interior, and with a hiss, crack, and blaze, and a roar of applause, blew them up in simultaneous ruin.

There was something savage in the pantomime, and the ruthless yell which accompanied it. The Squire and Sam set their teeth; Sylvia covered her face; Ned, with the sweat-drops on his brow, called for help, for his mother was fainting; and Black George grew suddenly silent and chill as death.

At that moment a horse's hoofs sounded sharply on the neighboring road; there was a pause, a stillness of surprise and expectation, unmingled with apprehension, for the populace had the might on their side—a solitary figure rode in at the wide open gate, and straight up the main path.

"Good Lord, the boy," ejaculated Mr. Bolton, flinging up the window in utter oblivion of personal peril. No one observed him, not a man took advantage of the action. All eyes were fixed on Mark Bolton, riding with his white, abstracted face directly under the Gate House porch. He had not tightened his reins, he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left; he made a little gesture for the mob to divide before him, the

only token he gave of their presence—and give way they did, cleaving asunder, a faint hooting in the outer circle dying unsupported, the glowing eyes turned to him fixed in their gaze. Right noble he looked—the pale young usher—though they did not say it, like the inhabitant of another world in his wan weariness; he awed the rabble rout; they did not lift a finger against him, they saw him dismount from his horse, and enter at the door where Black George's convulsed face gloomed for a moment, without interference.

Relieved of the phantom, they rallied, but only partially: and after a few idle, desultory shouts, they streamed out as they came, leaving but the blackened ashes of their trophies and the devastated terrace as a remembrance of popular retribution, in which there was still something boyish and something craven.

One other adventure of the election concerning the Bolton family, before we lay it aside.

During the great week, Sylvia had been debarred from entering Market Northorpe, and showing herself in the streets of the town; but when the contest was over, impelled by certain household and feminine necessities, pickles and spices, needles and thread, and the news from Joan Littlepage, whose anger at the family disparagement was already allayed to Sylvia, the young girl took it upon her to venture, unauthorized, into the town one cloudy morning, to satisfy her wants and speed home like a lapwing.

Ill-luck would have it that Sir Charles had selected that very day to entertain his friends and allies high and low, throughout the borough.

The passengers were ten to one that Sylvia had expected; she dispatched her business hastily, and was traversing the High-street, when just before the Hathaway Arms, she got entangled among the people, elbowing their way for the purpose of hearing "God save the King," and "The Roast Beef of Old England," played lustily by a band of musicians in the inn yard.

Sylvia tried hard to extricate herself; but in her apprehension of attracting attention by too obvious a retreat, in sheer dread of what papa and mamma and the boys would say if she got into a scrape, she became wedged into nearly as formidable a muster as that which had land-locked the Gate House.

It was not yet noon, and they were in holi-

day dress, and holding a festival; but Sylvia was terribly abashed and dismayed when her neighbors recognized her, jostled her a little, uttered pithy comments on her person and connexions. They meant her no serious injury—they were Englishmen, and sober, unless with the glee of their coming treat; but their good-humor admitted the license of a little rudeness, besides they were not without suspicion that somewhere in her vicinity there must be concealing himself a more fitting foe than poor Miss Sylvia, as white as a lily, crushing her two hands together, and bending her head, begging humbly in faint accents, "Will you let me pass? Oh! please will you make room?" and striving out her strength to push herself through channels every moment closing more hopelessly. One month ago, and three-fourths of the hands there would have been raised to salute Miss Sylvia Bolton—and still at the least approach to an outrage, as many sturdy arms would be stretched out to protect her; but after what she had seen, Sylvia did not understand this distinction, and there was grave danger of her falling down in a dead faint in the centre of the throng, and perhaps, in their very revulsion of feeling and willingness to aid her, being suffocated or trampled under foot in the High-street of her own little town of Market Northorpe, a poor accidental young martyr to political passions.

The air was ringing with "Hey-day, has the Squire sent a substitute?" "Are you on the right side, my bonny lass?" "Tut, there's no printers' ink on Dorothy Draggletail." Squaring of elbows, tongues in the cheek lolling towards her; Sylvia looked wildly round for protection, gasped for breath, staggered to keep her footing.

At the critical moment, an impetuous, indignant, half-hunting cry burst from a ground-floor window.

"Hark! down there; down—keep off the lady;" and Mr. Guy sprang out and rushed to the rescue.

Guy shot like an arrow to his aim, his active stalwart limbs driving aside all obstacles, his resentment vanishing before his success—perhaps before its object—for he looked around him with a smile and a frank merry claim on their sympathy.

"My good friends, thanks for an opportunity of being gallant; but you must let us out."

Instantaneously a laugh—that humanizer of a mob—nay, a cheer for Mr. Guy.

Sylvia Bolton felt that she was safe, that some one was taking care of her; that these rude folks, the mechanics and laborers, and their families whose faces she had known so well since she was a child, were drawing back from her with something of their old expression of respect, mingled now with shame. She did not think of the instrument, or care that Guy Hathaway was her guard, and stood behind her, with his arms around her, to shield her, and to force an outlet.

The moment they were clear, Guy freed her, and uncovered his head.

"I trust you have sustained no injury, madam; I believe I may say none was intended. But you must allow me to conduct you a little further—I implore you, madam—to the door of your house."

Sylvia did not know how to answer him; indeed, she was trembling from head to foot. If she had looked at her companion she would have seen that although he had undergone no panic, the hand which held his hat shook also, and his face was crimson. He did not wait for a formal answer; he took eagerly in his the little gloved fingers, and as was the fashion, led her along. They were not more than a dozen yards from Mrs. Littlepage's shop, and there he stopped, and with the humblest bow that Sylvia had ever received, left her.

Sylvia was rather mystified at the readiness with which he selected her dear friend's house as a refuge for her in her present plight; but she was only too glad to curtesy her gratitude, and run into the sanctuary.

"Oh, Mrs. Littlepage, oh, Joan!—I've been in such affright."

To be pitied and petted—for the occasion was too recent, and after all too untoward and precarious, for her to be rallied on her sufferings; and to have Mrs. Littlepage finding herself fully warranted in sending an express to the Gate House to bring in the Squire, that he might carry home his naughty, belated daughter, in case greater mischief should befall her.

CHAPTER V.

SIR CHARLES HATHAWAY remained undisturbed, and doubtless permanent possession of his seat on the Tory side of the House of Commons, where, if he lived, it is probable

he lent his vote to every one of those taxes on which an ungrateful posterity has reflected. *N'importe*, Market Northorpe was cherishing its favorite motto, "Fear God; honor Sir Charles," who was its king, and who like other kings was tempted to try on his vassals such doctrines as the divine right of kings, and the passive obedience of the subject. But Market Northorpe did not blot out the past, or forget that Squire Bolton had proved a renegade, and was but a Jacobin in disguise.

Let a man bear it as he will, it is not a genial process this laying bare single motives, and, as a consequence, establishing hostility between him and his kind. Squire Bolton might have been to blame in wearing the mask of a caustic, jesting tongue, so that no one suspected him of being in earnest in his strictures and condemnation—not in adhering to his convictions when put to the test; but the sharp, despotic, kindly old gentleman felt as acutely as a mere sentimentalist the loss of favor in his town. He said nothing about it, and he did his points, and had up his hair-dresser more punctually than formerly; but he went down to his shop without relish, and he would no longer hunt because the pack belonged to Sir Charles, and he did not choose to be obliged to the man with whom the world said he had not kept faith.

The autumn winds were showering down the red and yellow leaves; the harvest-home was by; the Squire, who loved the customs of his fathers, had his pull at his own October, yet no judgment had descended upon his sins, no sure vengeance of his great adversary—only cooled regard and his own foreboding heart on a matter that was already an old story to his children.

They dwelt in happy ignorance, until one bright morning, when the hoar frost powdered the ruddy pippins and russet pears and the cosy stackyards about Market Northorpe, and lay white on the solitary angle of the ruined cathedral, and the square tower, and on garret roofs where many a burgher's child was reared in lusty, blithe, frost-bitten vigor—to the agitation of the whole town, a fine old house in the High-street, closed for many years,—a town house of the Hathaways when Market Northorpe was a winter residence of the neighboring gentry, and had its West-End, its Mayfield-house, its Oakham-house, its Parnell-house—was re-opened; and lo! workmen from a distance proceeded to oper-

ate upon the dignified habitation, to run up a counter through the centre of the great dining-room with its painted panels and coat of arms on the ceiling, and presently a sign-painter mounted a ladder over against the high door with its stately coping, and proceeded to paint in elaborate but legible characters, the inscription, "Hathaway's Printing-office."

The secret was out; Sir Charles had turned tradesman, and was to out-Herod Herod—to sell out and ruin his ancient acquaintance Squire Bolton.

Every day brought fresh confirmation and fuller details; able printers from town; the prospectus of a new journal (Market Northorpe had been proud of its one county chronicle), to be supported by the Hathaway interest; all the novelties from Cave and Dodsley. Sir Charles was thus late in the day to enlighten and refine his constituency. Mr. Guy was to superintend the concern—Sir Charles would convince them that he did not consider that his own mesh and blood demeaned itself by mixing in town business—and finally, the fulfilment of Squire Bolton's old scheme to build by the Lynn a paper-mill, which should afford labor and wages to all the idle and useless hands far and near.

Market Northorpe's exultation was unbounded. It congratulated itself and glorified Sir Charles—burying in a dark corner the conviction whose origin was neither dim nor distant, that Squire Bolton had mortally offended the liege lord, that he was therefore to be brought to poverty and trampled in the dust, and that they and their interests were to aid in the good cause.

And Squire Bolton merely said to his sons, when neither Mrs. Bolton nor Sylvia were of the audience, "Now, lads, the blight's coming. I'll spend my last penny like a man; but see that you provide amongst you for the poor souls, the women, when I'm gone."

Squire Bolton's shop was opposite, within a few paces of the other; and from the interior of the one you could survey the transactions of the rival, and almost count the money as it trickled into the till. Squire Bolton was now nailed to his board, whether under a sense of duty to ward off by his mere presence the decline impending over his family, or because he scorned to pull down his colors and shun the view of the powerful usurper and his unspeakable prosperity. What old

shop can compete with a new one? and Sir Charles had wealth and liberality, and took care to do the thing handsomely, and to supply abundance of attractions—learned works for the scholar; smart, thin, natty volumes, not so fine in silk, morocco, and gilding as seventy or eighty years afterwards, but fine enough for that generation: the most favorable terms to raw authors, ambitious to be in print, and backed by a subscription list and dedication to some mighty patron. Why, it was thought that Market Northorpe might terminate its career as a British Leipzig, and that the metropolitan booksellers had better look to their laurels, what with broad-sheets, and ballads, and dream-books, and weather-almanacs for the million, and such hearts and darts of charming valentines, in anticipation of February. Then arrived Mr. Guy, with his good breeding, his winning tongue—not very well satisfied to have this vocation thrust upon him in place of a commission in a marching regiment; sensible of the shock to his pretensions and the scurviness of Sir Charles to advance his enmity by suffering a kinsman to enter upon trade, but open to any thing which was not positively degrading, like a capable young fellow, who was neither a coxcomb nor a Sir Sulk, but disposed to take the world as he found it, so preserving his ancestors' credit for easy tempers and contented constitutions. Squire Bolton stood with his back to his own shelves and saw it all, each irresistible bait, and scores of his best customers filing across the way to swallow it.

The Squire was not a man to pule and whimper over misfortune, but he was also hot at heart, and could not be altogether silent under his wrong, though he forbade his lads to retaliate. He was not so benign as the dear old Vicar, though he was honest and brave.

There was debatable land in which to encounter the townsmen. County meetings, justice courts, church-rate and municipal boards, these the Squire attended regularly, and expended on the proceedings such watchfulness and such irony that those who had been wont to value his oratory, learned to hold it in fear and detestation. This was not calculated to mend matters; moreover, the Squire and Mr. Guy came in each other's way in such quarters, and although Mr. Guy was neither quarrelsome nor overbearing, and had compunction and forbearance at the service

of his opponent, when the strictures of the latter were directed with virulence and tolerable plainness against his patron, Sir Charles, it was not to be thought (the contrary would have been deemed false and base) that the young man would leave them altogether unanswered. So angry words passed between the old man and the young, their unequal years alone, perhaps, preventing them drawing their swords on each other. Bitter and prejudiced expressions made behind backs were retailed by third parties, until Squire Bolton knew that Mr. Guy Hathaway dubbed him a cantankerous Dunstable Noll Cromwell, and Mr. Guy was as well aware that in Squire Bolton's mouth he was but Sir Charles's puppy.

Yet in this acrimony the Squire could spare a little justice; for when Sylvia, the little fool, would treat in a girl's slighting way the personal obligation under which Mr. Guy had laid her at least in the family, and espouse her old father's cause very zealously—as what good girl would desert the paternal standard for that hoisted by a likely young man such as Mr. Guy?—when Sylvia put up her lip in great disgust at some low scandal as to how Mr. Guy played quoits with his men, or invited them all to the "Hathaway Arms" on Sir Charles's birthday to toast their undertaking, or kissed Lucy Wyatt when she served him with his jug of claret on the same memorable occasion,—

"And where's the mighty harm done?" challenged the Squire, turning upon the informant. "If the worst that we can tell of each other is a game, a toast, or a kiss to a red-cheeked lass, we are wonderfully clean-handed, say I. Gad, if the boy commits no greater crime, he'll have little enough to answer for. There, Ned, no snivelling; don't he go to church like a Christian? Of course, the bottle and the girls don't become your cloth, though they've often enough consoled it, else mighty lies are circulated. And I'll tell you what, Syll, if you mean to play the prude and hold up your hands at such motes in a fellow's eye, you'd better get along with you to France at Sam's tail, and enter a nunnery at once."

Sylvia had not a call to testify her rigid virtue for weeks, until she met Mr. Guy Hathaway at a huge tea party at the Parnells, where all the eligibles of Market Northorpe and its vicinity were formally gathered, feuds or no feuds.

Tea-drinkings were then the festivities; heavy dinners and French breakfasts, in a manner, were not. High and low, learned and simple, sipped the refreshing beverage. Dr. Johnson wrote a paper to confute certain shameful aspersions and insinuations directed against the unparalleled shrub by venomous calumniators (thorough toppers, doubtless), for which it was thought the East India Company, in the absence of the Emperor of China, ought to have voted him a pension. Young King George and Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz reckoned it a sufficient stimulant for their domestic Court. Dr. Burney and Sir Joshua Reynolds dispensed it royally to the *élite* of London rank and intellect. Tea and *The Traveller*, and a few country dances, were ample rational and cheerful diversions with which to entertain a company who had journeyed many miles and surmounted arduous toilets—satin breeches and pomatumed queues, flowered silver suits, and gold solitaires—singular extremes in the same generation; dissipation and temperance, lavishness and frugality, meeting and mingling.

At the Parnell's the first two acts were over, the tea and cakes had been handed round, the ladies devotedly waited on by the lords; *The Traveller* had tried the aspirants to wit and learning and the prosy pedants, while the rare performers of the grand tour (it was a grand tour in the last century) had puzzled and piqued the majority. The country dances were forming—the inimitable *Coquettes* and *Triumphs*—when Harry Parnell penetrated a group of young ladies, and presented Mr. Guy Hathaway to Miss Bolton.

Sylvia was sitting, not so very splendid, but in the delicate richness of a peach-blossom lute-string, with her mother's pearls in her auburn hair. She was very much surprised, and if she did not "snap her fan in his face," and so make the powder "fly from his hair," she held up her head and rose stiffly, extending the very tips of her rosy fingers to the presumptuous man. Mr. Guy did flush over her name and look unaccountably put out, until the blundering fellow, in spite of his manners, let out, half in protest half in apology, that he had been laboring under a ridiculous misconception with regard to her and Joan Littlepage. He had heard their names coupled together the first time he saw them, he had seen them several times together afterwards, and he had fallen into the delusion

that Sylvia Bolton was Joan Littlepage, and Joan Littlepage Sylvia Bolton. Then when he begged Harry Parnell to introduce him to the beauty—"why the young lady with the pearls next the bureau," for some foolishness caused her supposed name to stick in Guy's throat—to his confusion he discovered himself bowing and stammering before the daughter of Squire Bolton.

If Mr. Guy had been minded to steal near in the dusk with Sir Charles's chariot and six, for the purpose of waylaying and carrying off his fancy, it would have been an awkward mistake truly ! !

There was no help for it; Mr. Guy and Miss Sylvia must accomplish their sets to the edification of the onlookers; and as a reward for decorum, and a dawn after darkness, Guy's inclination to shrug his shoulders ceased, his longing that the dance should be ended suddenly expired. He began to look into the sweetest pair of eyes in the world, and to linger over his partner's hand, as if no hallucination had matched them. It was "plaguy vexatious" that Sylvia Bolton should be herself, and not another; but neither he nor she was to blame, nor in this instance her father either; and for any thing farther he would not think of it.

It did not disturb Guy's magnanimity that Sylvia was as distant as a queen; for if he was not impudent neither was he exacting and lofty, but manly and sweet-tempered, inclined to make so much of Sylvia and so little of himself, that her pride and reserve neither hurt nor repelled him. For the same reason he was not offended when, the dance over, Sylvia with a hasty curtsy hurried to place herself beside Sam, who stood prepared to extend to her his protection. "Their Sylls should not be laughed at by an insolent fop." But Sam Bolton had too much of the old Squire's candor and uprightness in him to be a regular bully; so while in his father's stead he put an instant stop to what he regarded as unbecoming philandering, he had the sense and decency not to pick a quarrel with their enemy; not to soil his young sister's reputation, and prick a man through the heart or lungs, for the ostensible trifle of "down the middle and up again," and an interchange of salutations.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Christmas was at hand: the waits

the Yule logs, the solemn worship, the family festivals.

Squire Bolton's grizzled hair was rapidly blanching into a semblance of the winter's snow; Madam Bolton cried oftener now with nervous weakness than with perverseness and passion; Black George had been offered his last wages and an honorable dismissal, and had fallen upon his knees and sworn that he would never vex Madame more, and seek no other reward than his bite and sup, so be it the Squire would but retain him to dig the garden, to feed the hogs and cattle; Ned talked of going into lodgings and living on his curate's salary; and Sam had a notion of seeing the world and visiting his father's brother, a retired sea-captain, who had known the Spanish Main, and acquiring a taste for foreign countries had settled in France; but patriotism or his elder son's rights fettered Sam, for while he planned and projected at odd moments he was still following the plough, lending a hand to pile the fagots, standing on the barn floor, setting traps for vermin, or smoking with his father in the twilight gloom of the Walnut Parlor.

Mark came over according to custom, and said nothing more than if the Hathaway printing-office which was flaming away in the town yonder, and not only melting a man's coins but his credit also in the same blaze, had not existed; but he returned to his school and forwarded to his father enclosures, at which the Squire poohed with moistened eyes—yet when he refused them indignantly, Mark waved them back again with such a simple, sincere, "They're nothing to me, sir," that his father, gazing wistfully at him, deigned to accept from his hopeless hand what he would not have stooped to receive from any other.

"It may do him good, who knows? It may relieve his own trouble if he remembers the circumstance an hour after it has occurred. Sally must have a portion of right on her side; there must be causes and effects in nature of which I don't dream, or that poor boy should have been touched by the King or blessed by the pastor, or had rue or elm stitched into his swaddling clothes, although it had come to no more than God help him!—God help him!"

Even Sylvia drooped, and went thinking instead of singing about her numerous duties, for it was evident to the youngest and shal-

lowest that the old shop at Market Northorpe would soon be kept open but for shame's sake; the old *Market Northorpe Chronicle* would scarcely pay its expenses, while swarm upon swarm of the new *Hathaway Gazette* flew across the country—and the burdened acres of the Gate House could no more support the Boltons than they could maintain the Government.

The Hathaway print-shop was in full bloom, flaunting its intoxicating success. Every fresh day the click of the masons on the rising walls of the paper-mill resounded pleasantly in the air; and when Mr. Guy was not in boots and tops, knee deep in ditch water and clay, his good horse striding hard upon Puss, he was moving lightly among the workmen, trying this mallet and that chisel as he proved the types and rollers, and acquiring with extraordinary facility even manual knowledge and skill in his temporary employment.

Squire Bolton observed him, and his last hold snapped.

"Sir Charles may die, his life is none of the best; but my failure will survive in that lad. He has the knack that neither Sam, nor Mark, nor Ned could acquire, though they sought it with their heart's blood; only little Syll has something of it—the power of construction. Notwithstanding his Hathaway name and his nurture, he is a born mechanic; and although he spends wildly, he is not without a head for accounts, and method and order. I should not wonder if he grew farsighted and intelligent. He will progress and put his foot on the top of Market Northorpe yet; the puppy become the bull-dog, and bay loudly enough, I warrant, when the entire town is his kennel. Ay, ay; we must push our fortunes elsewhere, or sink into yeomen again, as some great-great-grandfather mun have been, if not worse—robber or cut throat. Up and down is the see-saw of life. The Gate House and the two parlors and the clipped hedges have been ours now for a century and a half—time maybe they should pass into other hands, and strangers have the use of them, as we have had."

It might have been in accordance with this conclusion that there were at last symptoms of the Squire's dauntless bearing bending with his adversity. A moody slovenliness, sadly different from his old rusticity, crept over him; he either avoided Market Nor-

thorpe altogether, or dived into the tavern where Sam took his pleasure as often as he entered the town. At home he grew heavy and lazy; he, who had been so brisk and active, and sat hours soaking himself with his pipe and his liquor, till Sylvia was frightened to move or speak, lest she should arouse him and provoke his moroseness. The Squire's palmy days were over, his decline speedy and sure. Verily, he had soon eaten the bitter fruits of his rashness.

Mrs. Bolton came daily into the parlor, though it was only to bid Sylvia chafe her hands, or rub her feet, or pour her out for pity a little glass of raspberry and noyau.

"Sure, Sylvie, the wind's in the east. Oh, Lud! my cap is awry. I'm not fit to be seen. To think how proud I once was of my poor face, that will soon go to feed the worms. Child, be humble. Sir Charles styled me the nymph of the Lynn; little did I guess that any friend of mine would insult him. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Insult him, lovey, you insult yourself by the suggestion," answered the Squire, stirring himself up, but generally he paid less heed to his wife's absurdities, and had less care for her bodily infirmities. They sat together in apathetic estrangement, a thousand times more depressing than their former squabbles. Mrs. Bolton missed the cross, and did not take well with its withdrawal.

"Your father don't twit me as he used to do, Sylvie. I think he is breaking up, poor man; he is so gross he ought to have himself blooded, but he won't take my advice. He'll be dropping off one of these days, and the Gate House will be so lonesome. A different sight of a place from what it was when I first came out to pick strawberries, and would have a pet lamb tethered in the garden. Mr. Bolton tried to persuade me I might have scores in the fields, and that it would get loose and nibble the fruit trees, besides enlarging into a sheep before I knew what I was about; and so it did, and soiled my gown, and butted me, the nasty beast, but I never told him to have it butchered—he was always hard and violent, was your father."

Sylvia bore a large share of the family burden; and when she had to coax and soothe both parents, and after the correct addition and neat cyphering of the house bills began to be scared at their amount; when she be-

came responsible for the expense as well as excellence of her dishes; when Sam and even Ned, coming in harrassed and tired, found fault with this and that, and required unattainable perfection in every arrangement—bread always light and sweet, candles that should neither sputter nor peak, and endless cups of creditable tea,—it is a marvel how the child could compass her cares. But she was young, healthy, and hopeful, and she now and then ran into her dear friends the Little-pages, and was merry and thoughtless for an hour or two, returning faithfully, to sober down to her duties, and discharge them better for the brief relaxation.

It was good of Sam and Ned that they were always willing to accompany Sylvia to Market Northorpe, and attend her home; she looked for it in Ned, but she did think it considerate of Sam, and if he would have allowed her, she would have put her arms round his neck and kissed his rough-bearded face twice over for the condescension.

On such a desirable holiday in this pale, cold February, Sylvia slipped off her domestic anxieties, tucked up her maroon skirt, and started for Market Northorpe, leaving a message for one of the boys (Sylvia fell into natural mimicry of the elders' discourse, using terms which sat with quaint old-fashioned grace on her red lips), to follow her at their convenience.

Sylvia found Joan very much engrossed with her needlework at the little round table, so occupied that she could spare only a few frank words to her friend, and stooping her head so assiduously over her pattern that Sylvia could not so much as get a glimpse of her face.

It was the first time that Sylvia had suspected Joan of the vapors, but to be sure she was full of turns and tricks, so Sylvia sat down patiently, just to baulk her in her fun, and diverted herself by looking through the door, slightly ajar, at Granny presiding in her arm-chair, and the open street beyond, where the click of the passengers' pattens to a female inhabitant of the Gate House was rather enlivening than monotonous.

Suddenly Joan started up with a burst of laughter, and closed the door of communication with the shop. Sylvia was ready to be amused but not amazed, until Joan threw open a leaf of one of the great brown clothes-presses that lined the room, and out of that

odd lurking-place stepped reluctantly, coughing and scarlet, her own brother Sam.

"Good Heavens! Sam, what are you doing here? What brought you before me? Why are you hiding?"

Sam coughed again, and Joan laughed, till she held her sides, at both—the discomfited swain and the big eyes of the eager little sister.

"Must I save the poor man's blushes?"

How he does blush, my dear, would you have believed it of a fellow like a trooper? Oh, mercy! Sam, don't frown, or I'll be off again, as sure as I'm alive; I can't stand any more of it; I'll have an ache in my side for a fortnight. You must know, Sylvie, that Master Sam gives us his custom in socks and soap-balls, and he has a bad habit of walking right through the shop into our great drawing-room here, costing your humble servant a mint of precious time and talk. Now don't blab, Sylvie, to your mother or Black George, or I'll poison you. But Granny don't much approve of his company, unless when he is tacked to your sleeve, for she says that we don't mean any thing serious, and we don't—don't we, Sam?—and two young things often spoil their markets by such foolish intimacies. Thus when Mr. Sam chose to be rebellious and to offer me a bad example, by climbing the wall and entering through the garden door—not to have him properly punished, nor to vex the old lady needlessly, I have been so good-natured as to draw the door almost close, so that the most suspicious soul could guess nothing, and we always spoke low, though for that matter Granny and Bell are as deaf as posts, and when a foot approached, whisk he went among the yarns and the towelling—his two heels have been as good as a farce many an afternoon, and Bell will think the print of his big feet the track of Old Nick himself. It has been famous sport, but it must have ended some day, and therefore Sylvie you have played the part of the incensed guardian or the choleric father, a great deal better than old Granny, who has asthma, and would be for forgiving us and giving us her blessing, and making us happy as a punishment. Now, Sam, be off once for all, and don't venture here again, sir, or I'll call in the constable. There's Granny moving to come and chat with Sylvie on the incidents of the last fifty years. Do you

hear, sir, or do you suppose she'll credit that Sylvie carried you over the threshold in her pocket?"

The convicted Sam vanished, and Sylvia was mistress of a secret, though Joan still would have it that it was all a frolic, and when Ned presented himself at six o'clock to fetch Sylvia home, he was as sighing and demure, and Joan as teasing and triumphant as ever.

Sylvia had been aware these hundred years that Ned dangled after Joan Littlepage, and got mocked for his pains; but that Sam too was smitten through his bristling buckler was another chapter in the story.

Sylvia was very sage upon the matter, and deprecated and censured with proper spirit, though it was her dear friend and her pair of brothers who were the parties concerned. It was idle of Joan, ill-doing, she might have much vivacity and numerous admirers, and be tempted, ah me! she had not the troubles which Sylvia knew of to keep her steady, Joan would experience them soon, for how could Sam maintain a wife without that sojourn in France that might win his uncle to bequeath to him those broad pieces, one or two of which Sylvia had seen in her father's hands, and time and distance were trials to lovers; but to set the poor boys against each other, she hoped no harm would come of it; and, as if the maiden had not enough anxieties, an entirely new and marvellously comprehensive list was added to the sum total of her cares.

Surely Ned would not break his heart; he would only play doleful airs on the flute, and write verses, as she had once caught him doing, but Sam had carried off the paper to wrap round his fishing-bait. Oh! surely Ned, who had preached against wickedness, would never be driven to wicked words and deeds. Sylvia quaked at the idea, and it smote her to see him come in from perpetual peregrinations to Market Northorpe to parley with his clerk or ringers, or this or that ratepayer or pauper parishioner, always smirking and conscious, as if to say that he had taken occasion to bestow ghostly counsel on Granny Littlepage, and had been rewarded by the arch looks and blithe retorts of her charming grand-daughter.

Simple Sylvia was thunderstruck when Ned, in family conclave, with a good deal of

affection, but not without a flush of genuine pride and happiness, announced seriously his formal engagement to Joan Littlepage.

Sylvia could hardly refrain starting up to explain that it was a vain prepossession, a cruel and malicious deceit, when she saw for a moment Sam's grey face and clenched jaw. Ned went maundering on, apologizing for his matrimonial intentions in the unpropitious circumstances of the family, but an alliance with so highly endowed and virtuous a lady as Miss Littlepage had long been his most fondly cherished vision. The proposed change in his situation by a removal into Market Northorpe lodgings, had brought the affair to a crisis. He had, with due deference to his father's consent, taken it upon him to sound the feelings of his charmer and her venerable protector towards him, and he was honored and blessed in communicating to them their favorable and flattering nature. He might say his hand was conditionally accepted—conditionally, of course, on his excellent father's and mother's approval of his choice.

Now the absurdity and incongruity of this step did not consist in a wedding under difficulties, or in Joan Littlepage's madly agreeing to share Ned Bolton's lodgings, and starve upon his slender curate's means. People married then in all circumstances, and on nothing, and not only did not starve, but fared none the worse in the end. It was ordained that young people should go together, and be yoked betimes in the holy bonds of wedlock; and they did so in perfect faith, the match being a notably bad one that met with severe or prolonged opposition. Not a connection of this contracting couple ventured to stigmatize Ned as grossly selfish, or Joan as recklessly imprudent. The worldly aspect of the case was not the difficulty here. Joan was willing, Madam Littlepage was radiantly acquiescent. Squire Bolton and his partner were submissive—but what vehement objections were those boiling in the hearts of Sylvia and Sam. They made no sign; they would not come forward and forbid Ned's bans; they were as silent as the grave to each other: nay, at Sam's first hoarse felicitations, and during the next week or two, when he stalked out and in, and whistled to his dogs as he was wont, Sylvia could have believed that eyes and ears had played her false. Could? Would that she could. No,

no: she was sick and sorry for Sam, sorry for Ned, sorry for Joan Littlepage herself. Time might smooth many a jagged edge of folly and unkindness, but Joan Littlepage would be her dear friend no more, not although Sylvia walked expressly into Market Northorpe, to kiss the cheek of her intended sister.

And yet Sylvia caught herself pitying Joan most of all, in her giddy gaiety, in her rapid assertions.

"It is quite true, Sylvie. I'm going to be a parson's wife, and give my goodman more sins of his wife's to weep for than the iniquities of the congregation will balance. I'm only afeared Ned will hang himself before the year is out." And in the rapid revulsion to the passionate private confession,—"I must have had a mild, quiet man, Sylvie; I dared not have done otherwise; I would have gone to destruction. It is all very well to quarrel and fling off, and make up again with a sweetheart, but granny has spoilt me, and I could not have brought myself to bear the commands and curses of the wedded wife. I would have turned rebel, fury, devil! you don't know me, Sylvie. Then, even if poor Sam and I had been saints, he could not keep me these score of years without robbing your father. I always looked forward to some meek, good body's having mercy upon me, for if granny and Bell were taken away, it would be mortal dismal. I only meant to have a little diversion. Forgive me, Sylvie, and don't fear for Ned; I will be grateful to him till the day of my death. I know we'll suit. Yes, I'm acting wisely, and granny's satisfied; and don't you give me up, Sylvie; only say you'll not give me up. Remember, a strong will to begin leaves no will to finish our fate."

"A strong will to begin," to pluck the hand out of our bosom and thrust it into the glowing fire, "leaves no will to finish our fate." Was that true? Was that why Sam Bolton, in the middle of Madam Littlepage's glorious preparations for an important event, and after sundry fierce, fitful applications to husbandry and field-sports, suddenly announced his irrevocable intention of starting instantly to join his absent kinsman. Pleas of ceremony were powerless with Sam, and possibly the sooner he went the better—to summon back alienated affections, and establish the claims of blood in the heart and hearth grafted upon

another race and another land. So the Boltons speeded their parting son, as they wished well to their marrying one; and as Sylvia was helping to stock his valise, Sam tossed her a set of ivory tablets,—“There, child, these are not ample enough for Ned's wife:” that was the sole admission of his heart's bitterness.

Sam departed, and Joan Littlepage took to bed three days with a face-ache, and got up at the end of that space to enter more eagerly than ever into the interest of the month; wild to have the horrid business over, and she and Ned settled down into an old married couple, because blushes and vows, and fallings on one's knees, and thefts of a lock of hair or a riband, were silly, silly things—she was weary of them.

After a reasonable interval came curt, terse letters from Sam to his father, beginning “Honored Sir,” and proceeding in his decided style to testify that foreign places were not so bad as they were called, foreign persons a deal honester than many a he and she in England. He was in a fair way to be reconciled to them; and he had made plenty of acquaintances; and had, if he liked to take them, a power of amusements. Above all, his uncle was friendly, and disposed to put up with his company—so no more at present. But be easy on his account: he would do for himself without troubling the Gate House, no offence intended, and he hoped they would preserve the poor old acres.

When Sam Bolton returned to Market Northorpe the old folk had passed away, the young were middle-aged, and he himself a stern, dignified, gray-headed man.

Many a time in the interval did Sylvia's affectionate heart yearn after the exiled brother; in many a quiet hour—for women at their happiest are pensive, romantic souls—did Sylvia ponder how the strong was beaten, and he who was preferred resigned; and after all, by what glamor Sam garnered his love where his brother Ned held the key.

Long before there was repose for these dreams, one fresh April morning, Ned Bolton and Joan Littlepage, bride and bridegroom, rode off on one horse, all alone, without an attendant, to be joined until death in the next parish church; to stroll in the fields yellow with cowslips, eat an early dinner, a capon and curds and cream, and jog home to the humble, snug apartments within a stone's-

throw of Ned's church, where the parishioners sent their gifts, where Ned penned his homilies and studied the Fathers, and where Joan mended his stockings and stored his cupboards, ruling with a high but not ungenerous hand.

Sylvia's initiation into family marriages, in spite of the novelty of Ned's young establishment and Granny Littlepage's frenzy to do it justice, and the appropriate town and country festivities, was not so sweet a morsel that she should be haunted with the future spouses of indifferent people. It was hard to be plagued with disagreeable riddles which did not concern her; but Market Northorpe had taken up Mr. Guy Hathaway's want of a wife, and banded the subject, and tore it to pieces, and revived it again in greater vigor than before, until it became a standing butt for rumors, guesses, and declarations, as good as Queen Mary's innocence and the authorship of *Junius' Letters* to any debating club.

For her part, Sylvia did not see what call Mr. Guy Hathaway had for a partner beyond other young gentlemen; but no one asked her opinion on the demand for the raw material, only worried her with stories of Mr. Guy's housekeeping in the Park Cottage with Patty Ford—half-witted Patty, silly, but the cleanliest and tidiest of poor smitten maidens; and sure Patty would never be stinted in her purse! and yet they said Mr. Guy was not like young Myres, nor Staines the hair-dresser's son, but was the easiest served gentleman in the world, carried out his own cutlets, and when Patty was oblivious of cookery, dined off bread and cheese as merry as a kid. It was an old promise that Patty should be his housekeeper; but while in ecstasy at the realization of her ambition, so purely did she worship Mr. Guy that she would fain have supplied him with the fairest, fondest, best young lady in the county for a Madam Hathaway, though she herself should be forthwith dethroned and cast aside.

Mr. Guy laughed out gracefully enough at Patty's well-known ambition; and at the violets, pinks, and daffodils which she forced upon him to grace his condition.

When Patty had a young man, he always went to be uncommon smart. Lovers and flowers were pat to each other. She could not tell why, but everybody knew it—see if he did not find it so—and she would pray powerfully for his success.

Once, when Sylvia was certain that Guy Hathaway was absent, she walked slowly past the Park Cottage, and Patty ran out to give her greeting.

Sylvia Bolton was well acquainted with the stout, comely, sweet, vague-eyed presence, and the spotless, fidgety neatness of cap and kerchief.

Innumerable daisy chains and cowslip balls the gardener's daughter had strung for Sylvia long ago; and twin peaches from the Hall gardens, and clusters of nuts from the green lane, Patty had conveyed to the Gate House at the oddest of times and seasons.

Sylvia was bound to chat a little to her, though she resolutely refused to enter the little wicket. In the course of the rambling, cordial conversation, Sylvia had time to mark the sunshiny change on the mouldering cottage, where Mr. Guy pruned and nailed, and Patty swept and scoured; the green vine, planted to rise like Jonah's gourd and envelop the blighted jessamine; the blossoming boughs of the cherry tree drawn away from the bright casement; the dank sorrel leaves and dusty nettles rooted out from the paling. Sylvia closed her eyes, and saw it, with the morning dew like diamonds on the rustling leaves close by, and lying, like silver in the Park hollow; or when the evening song of the blackbird was replying to the soft notes of Mr. Guy's flageolet, which he played, accordingly to Market Northorpe, not in the squeaking fashion in which Ned Bolton tortured the flute, but with a fall rich, mellow, and free, as "profoundly" as his Majesty's head organist—or to try that vagary of Market Northorpe—in the broad, cheery afternoon light, with a young woman's face at the twined-about casement, through which the ruddy house-fire gleams when the world is brown and sere without, watching for the erect figure and the buoyant step of the young master. Dangerous little imaginary excursions into private property, these thick-coming fancies for Mistress Sylvia; but she shook them out of her head, imagined them cast to the winds, and went, like a brave little woman, on her thorny way.

The next time Sylvia Bolton had any intercourse with Mr. Guy was in a friend's house in the town, where he called upon her fresh-fallen footsteps, and accepted an invitation from the family to remain for an hour; though Miss Sylvia sat apart, silent, and

averse to make one in the general discussions. After an assiduous court to the whole party, on the entrance of other guests Guy Hathaway got close to Miss Sylvia's chair, and addressed her particularly with some random speech on the season, and the forwardness of plants and trees; then took it upon him to offer her a great red daisy which he held in his hand, wishing ardently that it had been a rose or a sprig of myrtle, or a heartsease at least.

There was no uncompromising Sam to interpose between them, so shyly, and with crimsoning cheeks, Sylvia took the homely flower under a cross-fire of observant eyes.

But what man of gallantry presented a lady even with a tulip or a lupin without an accompanying copy of verses? So hastily pulling out his pencil and tearing out a leaf from his memorandum book, Guy wrote from memory two couplets—something blending charms and blossoms fading and dying, perfume and good deeds, and ending with a modest hope that the maid would take a lesson from the flower, remember betimes that she too would fade, be not haughty, nor idly procrastinate her destiny.

It was so stale, with such a watery imitation of Herrick, and just such a split hair of appropriateness as may be found in similar complimentary effusions; but Guy, a tasteful fellow of the day, thought it all right, and stripped of the least suspicion of forward passion by his stating manfully that he never "writ" verses on his own account, but as she had deigned to accept his poor daisy, he hoped she would grace him farther by throwing her eyes over these lines of a better man's penning—they had occurred to him as a trifle permitted by and befitting the occasion.

Now was Sylvia's time to display her discretion, and she would have strangled herself in the way of duty to do the Gate House credit. She answered, tremulously but coldly, in the ordeal of the unanimous pause, that she also "writ" no poetry, she did not doubt that the lines were elegant, but she did not pretend to judge them; and so with the unopened paper falling loosely on her lap, and her fingers pulling to pieces the pied petals, looking up as she finished to meet Guy's grave, reproachful eyes, and to feel that it is difficult for a guileless bird to inflict pain on another and remain itself unscathed.

Once in her chamber at the Gate House, shut up for the night, alone under the evening star, Sylvia stealthily produced and unfolded a crumpled paper, and devoured the shallow, fantastic rhymes. They were so sweetly turned, had been so prettily given, and they were the first she had had, the very first. The foolish lass cried over them for a few minutes before she enclosed them safely with her shuttle in her tatting box, and then, like a wise woman, who would deceive herself first of all, she began to sing, and to fold up the various articles strewn about, and to wonder what sort of weather they would find for the great wash to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

FEMALE serenity and reticence were highly prized, and even insisted upon by the censors of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Those lovely damsels in hoops and tight sleeves, and ribbon bands round their round throats, how cool they were,—how careless! Each was taught never to flinch or falter, to vow a determination to a single life, to own no tenderness for mortal man, however he pursued her, and swore and threatened, and took his own life to spite the vestal beauty; to allow the man she married to suppose her become his in deference to the wishes of her friends, in submission to lawful authority, in consideration of the world's opinion, in an impartial calculation of his comparative freedom from vile practices and possession of trustworthy qualities, in very weariness of his importunity—but never be weak enough to admit one spark of private preference for the hero.

It was satisfactory but difficult, built upon perpetual self-control, or consummate selfishness, or hard steeling to natural impulses. Sylvia had now to fight desperately, because though her father and Mr. Guy were rivals and acknowledged foes, and although it was absurd to call him her lover, as Joan did (the man had not spoken to her above half-a-dozen sentences in his life, and she should like to see him try it), Mr. Guy's behavior became confirmed in its alarming and aggressive pantomime. He would see Sylvia at church, and on every public occasion; and would appear as if he had been studying or reversing rare Ben Jonson's petition,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;"

as if he cared very little who marked his incessant toast.

Sylvia was in terrible apprehension of her father becoming aware of the foolish fact, which was no secret at Market Northorpe, and impunity only rendered Mr. Guy more heedless and bolder; for that last night at the theatre, when he was sitting in front with Ambrose Price, and they were playing that Italian story of *Romeo and Juliet*, carried away by the poetry and acting, he turned and gave her such flashes of appeal, such impetuous, imperious looks, which seemed to say, "You see what others have said and done," that Sylvia was in a wild palpitation of sheer consternation.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was market-day at Market Northorpe, there were the farmers in their long great-coats, their wives and daughters in cloaks and hoods—the Goodies and Sues of these Gaffers and Gileses; and there was a man drawing about a box, and calling upon the country folks to pay their pence, and see the bones of a shark that devoured three men and a boy, a boat's crew in the South Seas; and a scarred sailor, baring the ghastly stump of an arm, and vociferating lustily how, in the darkness of midnight, he climbed the Heights of Abraham, where great General Wolfe received his death wound. Squire Bolton was there, covertly shunned by his fellows, hurrying along, haggard and oppressed, for hark in your ear, a new crash was impending, Squire Bolton had information that a Secretary of State's warrant was about to be issued against him, on a charge of seditious passages in his paper, formerly the least suspected and most harmless of local registers. The crime might not be so weighty as that of Wilkes, it might be nearer the later midge's bite of "the fat Adonis;" but a little humor and a little gall were materials enough, under the influence which caused the Squire to grind his teeth in impotent rage at his mighty and implacable persecutor. The accusation was alarming, and the old Squire, scenting the keen cutting breath that blew it, felt his spirit cowed at the prospect of captivity, even if promoted to the dignity of the Tower, in exchange for his fields and gardens.

The summer sunshine lay upon the town, adding its gleams and shadows to antique

facing, grotesque balustrade, steep gable, bits of garden ground, and draw-wells turning up green and cool in the market-place and thoroughfare. Time's greyness was on Market Northorpe, but the sweet pure light pervaded it, and glinted over it like the righteousness which transforms the hoary head into a crown of glory.

Hot, dusty, and parched, a groom galloped up to the "Hathaway Arms." The man wore Sir Charles's livery, and was a native of the place, and when he did not dismount, but conferred apart with the landlord, there was a rush to greet him and to learn the news.

Suddenly there arose a murmur in the market, which spread like lightning, so that within an hour Mrs. Littlepage's yard measure dropped from her fingers; and Madam Bolton, out at the Gate House, had her laces cut in a swoon. Was another election pending?—had Sir Charles at last taken to himself a bride, and was this the *avant-courier* preceding them at all the stages? Nay; Sir Charles had accepted another mate, and lay, pinched, white, and stiff, in his satin-lined coffin, in his rooms at Kensington. Could it be that Sir Charles Hathaway, of Hathaway Hall, was but a bit of clay?—that he had gone where powder and plush, lace, velvet, and gold, could not follow?—that he was entering Hades stripped and defenceless, like any ordinary man?

No wonder Market Northorpe stood aghast; for what security to life and property was there when the head was thus suddenly struck down? The bell was set to toll on the instant, the shutters were put up on the chief shops—those which enjoyed the Hall custom; quite a sympathizing crowd gathered to watch Mr. Guy hurrying off in a post-chaise to London.

The feeling might be more that of a shock than a pang, but it was universal. Squire Bolton felt it with the rest; for if the unexpected death of a friend thrills and softens, that of a deadly foe chills and appals.

Since Sir Charles was dead, the only thing left for him here below was to be buried as befitted his station; that is, with a style, ceremony, and boundless expense which should impoverish his heirs, remove him to the last from the common herd, and cause the toddling round-eyed children to boast to the age of three-score years and ten that they remem-

bered the great doings at the burial of Sir Charles Hathaway of the Hall.

The inhabitants of Market Northorpe were doomed to be speedily sensible of a new reign. The heir, long estranged, had frequented the Hall in his youth, and had been implicated in the violent death whose red stain yet rested in the secret conscience of the world on those stately deserted chambers. He had been wild and unfortunate afterwards, and it was said had applied in one memorable case to Sir Charles for help which might have saved him from disgrace and a great sorrow, but the claim was denied, and the kinsmen never met again. This Hathaway was long beyond the need of aid, having succeeded in direct inheritance to extensive estates in his own county, so that there was less probability that this last prosperity should mellow his nature. Moreover, such associations as he had with Market Northorpe being of remote standing, when he came down with the body in strict privacy, and buried it, disaffected folk said, like a dog—no better than some led captain or retired tradesman, the only person connected with the town for whom he sent specially, and with whom he held a personal colloquy, was his ancient acquaintance, Squire Bolton.

Yes, the world was changed at Hathaway Hall. No issue of mourning cloaks, and crape bands, and sable plumes; no open house, no doles to the poor; and if there were baked meats and wines on the return from the family vault, and a carouse to conclude the night, it was confined to the chief mourners. It was actually spread abroad that some of the few decorums were supplied on Mr. Guy's express responsibility and at his expense.

The grief of Market Northorpe was swallowed up in ire; the faithful town, burning under its wrongs, was ripe for revolt. If the new man had not departed immediately, he might have been stoned, or shot at, or had a burning brand cast into the old Hall, in which they had placed their pride,—for there is no hatred like that whose root is an old love.

Yet if Market Northorpe could have looked with cleared eyes into the gloomy coach, and read the moody, fierce occupant, the hard riding and hard drinking, sole relics of his gay youth, written legibly in the weather-stained, bloated face, and followed him home—that

grand independent northern home on which they reflected so rancorously—and seen its mistress, whose malady he wedded deliberately along with her accursed riches and lands, mastered by his brute force in her mad fits—and reviewed his untrained, demoralized children, with their ungovernable passions and tainted blood, Market Northorpe might have held its peace, its petty anger quenched in the spectacle of such guilt and misery.

It was not only that the old title was extinct, and the supremacy over them devolved on a hostile stranger, but they were in a manner orphaned and anchorless, with no accredited authority to refer to, no sceptre under whose shadow they could repose. They were mulcted of their banner, their rallying cry, their spell; and as men are apt to become peevish and quarrelsome under losses—and they could not reasonably reproach the late Sir Charles with this calamity—they fell to casting stones at their favorite, Mr. Guy. It is painful to record it, but they looked coldly on him because he was no longer the ward and official of their great man, and because he had not contrived in a few interviews to propitiate and win the confidence of Sir Charles's successor, so as to stand still in the same relation to all parties. They believed that his awkwardness and wrongheadedness had done them an injustice. They even began, in their wavering, to discover that they had been led into over-niceness and severity of judgment, and so had forsaken and vilified one who had been their friend long ago, and who might do them a good turn again. It is a relief to look away from such instability and querulousness to Squire Bolton breasting the reflux of the tide stolidly, sarcastically, but holding up his head—as who would not?—at the lightening of such a back-breaking burden.

Thus Market Northorpe thought and spoke, when they little guessed how much more closely the death of their master would touch the town, what peculiar cause they should have to mourn the love and hate alike perished. While Mr. Guy walked about shy and mournful, Market Northorpe was apprised that they might rue the day when he first set his man's foot on their pavement, and stole so swiftly into their best graces, for disastrous to more than one sufferer is an enterprize started vigorously, expedited strenuously, and arrested fatally.

Mr. Guy was not now alone interested in the Hathaway office and mill, nor yet Sir Charles's heir, but the workmen collected, established, and started in a fresh line of industry, and thus left destitute and dangerous; the small funded tradesmen and landowners, who had volunteered in their enthusiasm to invest money in the concern; not to speak of the wiseacres who had committed themselves by their hot support and gauged their reputation on the success of the undertaking.

It is not easy to realize at this day how the premature downfall of one narrow, factious scheme distracted Market Northorpe, when its manufactories and steam power were still in the future.

Sir Charles's might extended beyond the grave. He had, with characteristic concentration and egotism, died intestate; but through this power the heir-at-law was at liberty to cancel his business project, to command the print shop, as far as he was concerned, to be closed, and the paper mill left, raised but a few feet above its foundation, a prey to uselessness and decay.

There was not sufficient unity and force in the townsmen to defy the chief's mandate, however prejudicial; there was only wrath, loud as well as deep, against its author, and finally against the scapegoat, Mr. Guy.

No one seemed to think or care that as surely as Squire Bolton was redeemed, Guy Hathaway was condemned. It was a fact that smarting under the evils inflicted on him he had wilfully severed the bond that bound him to Hathaway Hall, and renounced further obedience and obligation to its owner.

The Park Cottage and its gardens were now the sole possession or expectation of Mr. Guy, and unless Patty Ford maintained him by her lace-weaving, or he enlisted as a soldier, he might die of starvation.

How the base scum of Market Northorpe turned with this on the unhappy young man! If they had chastised Squire Bolton with whips, they would scourge Guy Hathaway with scorpions, for was he not the creature of their own baulked imaginations—and had he not fallen twice as low? How they raked up his follies and errors, his levity, his spendthrift ways, his superciliousness (a spontaneous and manifest lie), his serpent-like requital of their confidence. How they forgot his pleasantness, and overwhelmed him with coarse abuse. Such is, at times, the voice

of the people, which, like that of Herod, has been mistaken for God's. Yet God ever bless the people, and guide them to a right mind!

Mr. Guy could not stand the persecution long, neither was there any gain to be attained by it, and his quick, restless step, his bitter lips, and despairing eyes, would soon be carried elsewhere. Poor comely, kindly Mr. Guy!

Every morning Sylvia Bolton rose to the knowledge of better fortunes; a hundred times a day she was conscious that the hurt of the family was healed. The Squire resumed his functions with his old wholesome alacrity; Mrs. Bolton nursed her ailments and crotchets, and contended with Black George at her ease; Joan was as cherry as a cricket; and Ned as bland as balm. Sylvia was thankful that they were saved, but she was sensible of a heaviness at her heart at variance with their early hours, her numerous avocations and high health, and with the very season, the summer days, for which one longs in the winter of the year and of life. When the hay harvest was yet in swathes in the meadows; when the elder-flower was steeping in the bin, and the wren's nest in the clematis over the porch was crowded with callow nurslings; and when Dobbin and his fellows were decked with ribbons, and sent off to prance at the Wareham Races; when expert fishers from Market Northorpe were lashing the trout stream and trolling their catches, and the farming men shouting at night over their ninepins,—all nature was summoned to be glad; the very air was full of mealy butterflies and moths, glistening beetles, and whirling midges floating or dancing out their brief existence. Sylvia was sorry that they died so soon; she missed "the blossom that hangs from the bough;" she melted over the hapless ducklings drowned in a bend of the stream; and sobbed outright when the old house-dog died, like a warrior in harness. Oh, poor Mr. Guy. It was silly, undignified, and she dared to say she would soon get over it, but she could no longer conceal from herself that she was very low about Mr. Guy. She sometimes started up quite wildly in the silence and solitude of night, wishing that she had never seen him, or that she could but have been frank, gentle, loving to his old ill-considered advances.

Sylvia was walking slowly and sadly down one of her lanes, unobservant of the rustling corn, the fleeting clouds, the leafiness, the wayside flowers—the silver weed and bladder campion, the scarlet Bennett, and herb Robert, and fringed chamomile, hardy, humble, and fair as cottage children. All at once she heard a footstep on the other side of the hedge, and before she had time to look up and pause, a man sprang through the hawthorn boughs, and Guy Hathaway stood before her.

Sylvia trembled like an aspen, and during the interview said no more than "Don't, don't. Oh, pray, sir, be silent; leave me, Mr. Guy, leave me:" while Guy behaved like one frantic and false to his manliness and her weakness. It served no purpose to cry that he could not go without bidding her farewell—he would tell her he loved her—he loved her better than life—he would never forget her. Truly flesh is not stone, that those accents and looks, that posture—Mr. Guy on his knees in her path—his groans, should not pierce to the core of that girl's heart, slowly drain her blood, and pale her cheek and dim her eye; rise up in church and at feasts, and on her sleepless bed; taunt and horrify her in the arms of another—sighing forth her pious marriage vows—nay, playing with her little children. He might forget, but he had taken care that Sylvia should remember.

Arrived at home, bewildered and spent, Sylvia was told that Patty Ford wished a word with her in the front kitchen. Sylvia went with reluctant feet into the low-roofed, fitch-hung kitchen, with a huge elm-tree root for a dresser, where Sylvia had held many a bout of brewing and baking, and where of a holiday winter's night the whole family would sometimes sit roasting chestnuts and apples, telling tales and singing songs.

On the settle within the chimney sat Patty Ford, somewhat ruffled and jealous; for Black George stood grinning, burnishing pewter, and chattering to a starling in the neighboring window. It was well known in the locality, that between Black George of the Gate House, and Patty Ford there was strong antagonism. With her slender wit, Patty had never overcome her slavish dread of his dusky skin and glittering eyes; and he in return revenged the slight to his looks by bestowing on her the benefit of his waggery.

The moment Patty observed Sylvia Bolton she got up and came eagerly forward, and retaining but one idea, forgot Black George and his mock courtesy and absurd evolutions, to exclaim—"Miss Sylvie, what have you done to Mr. Guy?"

"Hush, hush, Patty," implored Sylvia, starting and flushing like the guiltiest offender,—"you don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, indeed, Miss," persisted Patty; "and you mun answer, and give me back my Mr. Guy, if you'll not have the gift of him—the handsome and best husband in the county. Well, well, he has no need to go a-begging; he may have his pick of wives any day—only I thought you'd make a fine couple, and the whole town was of my opinion; why the Squire 'ud come round in no time! Any way, give me back my Mr. Guy; not that black glum man up at Park Cottage, I'm afeard of him, Miss Sylvie; afeard of my Mr. Guy, whom I bore in my arms when he was a baby. He swore at me yesterday, and then he begged my pardon, and cried like you or me, Miss Sylvie. They tell me he has lost his means, and is a ne'er-do-well; but it is not true, and the Hall would not suffer it. Isn't he come of the Hathaways of the Hall, and isn't that enough? Besides, he's the best lad that ever was born. I'd lay my life it is only a cross in love that ails him. What else masters a lad? I mind how my lad looked when I was coming out of the fever."

"You are mistaken, Patty," gasped Sylvia. "I am very sorry. I cannot help it."

"Don't say so, Miss Sylvie," declared Patty, knitting her brows. "You was always a good girl, but if you are bad, and bad to Mr. Guy, I mun just punish you so that you'll not be like to forget it."

Black George had been vigilantly watching the dialogue, and overhearing more than was desirable. In his self consequence he did not hesitate to cut it short, partly incensed at the insult to Miss Sylvie, partly tickled at the option he was about to propose to Patty Ford.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Mrs. Patty, if you come here with your owdaciousness, a-scolding Miss Sylvie, and all for that *cuz-cumb* who has got his deserts, I, who am Miss Sylvie's father's servant, will take in hand to punish you by a ducking in the

goose-tub, or what you'll no doubt prefer—a kiss behind the scullery-door, Mrs. Patty." As he advanced with outstretched arms, Patty shrieked as if the foul fiend proposed to embrace her, and without waiting for further parley, turned and fled out of the kitchen, through the garden, and along the high road to Market Northorpe, as fast as her feet could carry her.

Black George cackled boisterously at the success of his manœuvre—till little Sylvia, in her giddiness and distress, turned upon him loftily.

"Fy for shame, Black George; you keep your valor for a poor crazed woman."

Black George was sensitive to the sarcasm—he had been mightily roasted by the other servants for his conduct on the night of the effigies' burning.

"Don't you reproach me, Miss Sylvie," the fellow said with rueful pathos. "I was afeared for you as much as for myself, yon night. I would have stood by you as long as by myself, and what could you ask more, Miss Sylvie?" Certainly Sylvia could ask no more, whatever she might hope for, or obtain.

CHAPTER IX.

SQUIRE Bolton was abroad occupied in the town all next day; in the evening he brought out Ned and Joan, but still he was restless, and retired more than once from the family party to mount to the top of the house, where a garret window commanded a full view of Market Northorpe. At last he seemed to compose himself to his pipe, and jested with Sylvia on deserting the circle on a pretence of tossing pancakes for supper.

Unexpectedly there came a loud knocking at the door, and the Squire himself darted out before any one else could obey the summons—before Ned, who conjectured that it was one of his souls in want of the consolations of religion, had half risen from his chair.

It was Patty Ford, breathless and wild-looking.

"Squire, Squire! for the love of God bid Miss Sylvie send a kind word to Mr. Guy—'cause it will be last. He has gone out with his pistols in his breast and his sword in his hand—and the sky is kindling into a flame—and I'm thinking we'll be waking to the Day of Judgment."

"Is it so, Patty, wench? You were right

to come to me; I'm ready." And Squire Bolton pulled her into the house, and consigned her to the guardianship of the female servants.

"Ned," called Mr. Bolton with a gallant rearing of his silvered head, and a soldier's mien. "These Market Northorpe curs are snarling and snapping to-night: come down and bid them be quiet in God's name—while I read the riot act in the King's, and cut down the first man that lays his finger on his neighbor's property. Once let loose,—there is no knowing where they'll end—and there is harm enough done, without their finishing the business like bloodhounds."

Ned went with his father as fluttered as a girl, but with a girl's devotedness; and as Madam Bolton immediately announced herself taken with "them spasms," and demanded to be put to bed without lifting a finger—that is, by the combined exertions of the women, and to be farther sat up with, fanned, rubbed, sprinkled, coddled, guarded (she herself lynx-eyed to the least neglect), for the rest of the night, there was no room for additional demonstrations.

Sylvia and Joan slaved at their post until midnight, when, under the sedative nature of the cordials administered to her, Mrs. Bolton at last showed symptoms of drowsiness, and submitted to dose with only gaping Nan behind the curtain. Then Joan burst out with an energetic whisper,—"Quick, Sylvie, quick; on with your hood and mantle, and we will slip out and get a sight of the uproar. I gave the old lady a good dose, so that she'll never miss us. Ods-bobs, Sylvie, she'll be none the worse. I have been ready to tear my hair out twenty times; I've pinched my arms black and blue; she would try the patience of Job, twice over. No wonder my good man is as still as a mouse. Run, Sylvie, run; for I've been leaning out of the garret-window, and you could gather needles and pins in the High-street by this time. They've set fire to the Hathaway printing-office; and they're tearing down the mill piecemeal. I'll be bound there's not a lass below 'but Patty Ford, snoring under lock and key to prevent sleep-walking. Run, Sylvie, run."

Sylvia was too glad to comply with the bold suggestion, for all night her blood had been boiling, and her brain swimming, in intolerable suspense and apprehension.

The two women stole out of the front door;

but before they had passed down the walk between the clipped hedges, ruddily illuminated, their course was impeded. Black George, his body shivering, his eyes glaring, was on their skirts, and grovelling at their feet.

"Oh, Miss Sylvie, come back! The Squire will rage like a bull if you get into danger; and young Mistress Ned can't fight for you, though she's more daring than lots of men. I'm left in charge here, and the lasses are off in a body, in spite of me—all save Nan, that you had up-stairs; but you will listen to reason. I am left in charge here, and the robbers may change like the wind any moment, and march upon the Gate House, to burn and slay, as they did before. And I'll not have your face to put heart in me, and hinder me deserting my post. Oh, dear Miss Sylvie, stay with me, or I'll go distracted!"

"You black beetle! you deserve to be trampled upon," raged the parson's wife in great disgust. "Never was such a coward, my dear; but there is no help for it. We must go back, else he'll follow and betray us. Besides, the Gate House is not safe without us." So Joan and Sylvia retreated to garrison the mansion.

The Squire had peremptorily bidden them to retire to bed; but they did not obey his orders until the strange, reflected glow died out from the leaves of the evergreens—and transgression and shame with them; until the clear, pearly dawn was spreading in the east; and the Squire, with two companions, was visible hieing homeward. Then the women put out their lights and sought their chambers: Joan, sure to learn the particulars from Ned; Sylvia, because she had a great repugnance to face her father.

Sylvia contented herself with peeping through her shutters. God bless the gallant old Squire! the hunted hare or the stag at bay would not have wanted a lair with him, though they had been the same animals that had broken into his fields, devoured his substance, and cost him a world of trouble and care. The tears rained in showers from Sylvia's brown eyes, and broken blessings felt fast from her lips.

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning, when Sylvia stole shyly down into the Walnut Parlor, and found her father in a brown study on the hearth-rug—

notwithstanding the grate was filled with green fir branches, she ventured to creep up to him and whisper—

"What a terrible night it was, papa!"

The Squire tolerated the address, and made use of her immediately.

"Sylly, girl, in the absence of Ned, can you tell me what's in Scripture regarding a man and his enemies? Samson burnt them out with fox tails; but there's a thing or two on the other score, I guess."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst give him drink.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

"Answered like a clerk, Sylly. So, it is an express condition as well as an injunction. It must be very seldom in men's power, or else they decline to lay their foundations, I've been thinking."

Joan and Ned came in, and then there was a fair discussion of the night's work. How much damage the mob had done before the Squire could reach them; how he had urged upon the mayor and shareholders to have special constables secretly sworn in beforehand; and to apprise the military at Wareham to be prepared in case the same portion of the community should not suffice to bind the insane—that is, the discharged desperate workmen: but it was best to hear the Squire's conclusion, his unprompted, impartial, full testimony to his coadjutor.

"Ned did his duty, Madam," he said, turning with a certain ceremony, and bowing to Ned's wife. "The spirit is willing, though the flesh be weak; he stood, unarmed, and confronted the smoke and fire, and rattle and crash of sticks and stones; and there were ugly wounds given and taken; besides two bodies—men yesterday, on the church pavement. I can compare him to nothing but Sylly, for Ned was always a bit of a girl; but he had the pluck to denounce the heathenish act in the name of his Master, until the honestest drew back and muttered, 'Good lack, if the soft young parson tells us so, we must be in bad taking; it is for our sakes he does it, we know that, men, right well.' Madam, I believe in God Almighty's commission to the priest and shield over him, by the example of my son."

"Ned Bolton, I'm proud of you," said Joan, fervently; and Ned felt that he was reaping a harvest of laurels.

Still, the Squire did not offer the slightest allusion to the guest under his roof, nor did a stranger appear at the hospitable breakfast table to share in the baron of beef and the black puddings. But when Sylvia was preparing to serve her mother in her own room, the Squire laid hold of a load of provisions, and carried them off with his own hands to stop some hidden mouth.

"Hum," soliloquized the Squire, as he made his exit from the stranger's room a short time afterwards; "if he don't rouse himself, what with these bruises and burns, and his mental condition, his life isn't worth a button. They'll say I've brought him out, and put him out of my way at my leisure; they're malicious enough if he were to the fore to egg them on. This ain't forgiving my enemies, I suppose; but too much can't be expected of a man at once. There's one of my enemies, the least venomous too, low enough to crave pity from 'All good folks,' such as Sylly sings about. Patty Ford will be lighter in the head than ever if she gets near him. Ned is fit for a crisis; but when that is over he'll talk by rote, and the lad wont listen. I have it. I wager he'll speak to Sylly. Women have a gift at consolation. Here, Sylly, girl—Sylly, Sylly."

Sylly's quick foot tapped, tapped upon the stone stair; and without a word of explanation beyond "Here's a piece of charity for you, Sylly," the Squire pushed the girl into the stranger's room—thus barefacedly and upon delusive premises devolving upon her his dilemma.

Guy Hathaway was sitting at the table with his head in his hands. He did not look up, and Sylvia Bolton remained a moment petrified, until her very womanliness reinvigorated her. His dress was covered with mud, rent, and scorched; one arm was bandaged, and stretched helplessly before him. Oh! the unconscious expression of weariness and pain in the attitude of that wounded arm!

Sylvia made a hesitating step forward, then came swiftly to his side—all awkwardness and tremor vanished.

"Are you much hurt, Mr. Guy?" she asked in her sweet, steady voice, and went on—"Let me see if I can do any thing for you; I'm used to helping mamma. I will be very careful."

He looked up at her with confused blood-

shot eyes, and attempted to take her hand with his own disengaged one.

Sylvia did not wince or draw back. Oh, no! She talked away from her heart as if he had been Sam or Ned. She could not have credited it an hour ago, but there she stood, her hand in his, telling him in her frank, impetuous way, how barbarous the Market Northorpe people had been; how much she was ashamed of them; how brave and noble it was in him to defend the property entrusted to his care by those who had served him cruelly—while the poor young fellow was indescribably soothed by the touch of the trusting, clasping fingers, and the sound of the loved, girlish voice, so that before he recovered altogether, he fancied his purgatory transformed into an elysium.

"It is not very bad," he said, dreamily, referring to his injury and to the riot, with his white lips forming themselves into a smile; "not so much worse than what went before. The world has been hard upon me for these last few weeks."

"I know it," Sylvia assented, earnestly. "Not one of the boys could have borne it."

"I wish I had been one of the boys, Sylvie—don't they call you Sylvie, and Syllie?—I beg your pardon, but I should like to say it just once. I never had a sister, and all the mother I've known is poor Patty Ford. Oh dear" (restlessly), "how Patty will bother; you are so good, will you see to the poor body, Miss Sylvia Bolton?"

"Yes, I will. She is here at the Gate House, only she has not been let up beside you, because she would fret and persuade you that you were a deal worse than you really are. I'm accustomed to illness, because I've seen so much of it in my poor mamma; so, sir, papa has sent me to look after you, an't please you."

"Squire Bolton has laid me under a debt of gratitude, madam," Guy responded, rousing himself, with a sigh. "I wish that he had permitted me to get my death in the scuffle last night, rather than survive to seek my fortunes elsewhere—a broken man, with a heavy heart; but now I will do my best to get well again, and weather life as others have done. The only man I ever knowingly wronged is the best gentleman in the land; but I hope I am a gentleman also: and if I cannot atone for the wrong, I will not take advantage of his and your humanity. I

humbly beg your pardon for every thing in which I have offended you. I thank you from my soul; and, Miss Sylvia, I have recovered my senses, I will not detain you longer."

CHAPTER XI.

"DEAR me, Mr. Bolton, you are the oddest man—the most contrary. You cast yourself in the teeth of poor Sir Charles until we were all but ruined; and now, when there is no advantage to be gained, when everybody says the young man is good for nothing and cast adrift—you take him into the bosom of your family, and keep him there, as if he had a claim on us, or as if you venerated the very name."

"By no means, Sally; the worst I know of the lad is the said name."

Mr. Bolton was prejudiced; for Hathaway smacked of rose-headed sainfoin, russet wheat, neighing colts, and whistling plough-boys—associations which he loved with his whole country heart.

But the Squire had his ends, which he digested with his dinner, strolling about his meadows.

"The worst I know of the lad is the name. He is as good as if he had received another breeding—far too good for a scapegoat. I never more than half hated that boy, and now since he has not beaten me but I him, since I believe I saved his life, zounds! I'm tempted to make a fool of him. Haven't you enough sons, Mark Bolton, that you must adopt another? Haven't you reason to distrust your exchequer? Yes, but you've a daughter. Well, what has that to do with it? The world will call you a jackass, the more so that your diet has been clean thistles of late—and only to buckle two young things together that fools may incline their heads and ejaculate "a pretty couple." A pretty couple, and a loving, as long as love lasts—and that may be a week, a month, a year, or forever, as some moon-struck fools swear. I fancy they could not help themselves. They've behaved better than those that came before them, I'll be sworn. Let them have their dream of delight, their chance like the rest of mankind."

So when Guy Hathaway would have started on his pilgrimage, he was detained by a generous restraint, a kindly force; bidden think whether Market Northorpe might not still be his destination and the book trade his final

calling. Guy was touched to the quick, and just because he was of so true and guileless a temper, he stooped to bear that burden of favor, only vowing that Market Northorpe should never know a more industrious citizen, nor squire Bolton a more faithful son.

Guy Hathaway not only remained an inmate of the Gate House, but he went daily with Mr. Bolton to his printing-office—once more the sole intellectual engine of Market Northorpe; until the town penetrated the mystery that the Squire, with the consent of his sons, and in room of Sam, Ned, and Mark, disqualified or disinclined, had, by an odd but brilliant stroke of policy, appointed his former rival as his future assistant and successor.

The gossips marvelled their nine days' wonder. The Squire was flagrantly irregular in his proceedings—Mr. Guy very mean-spirited; but the Squire was even more innocuous than formerly to public opinion, and incontinently public opinion was elevating him to his old eminence—the philosopher of Market Northorpe, sage, angular, headstrong, impregnable, without even Sir Charles to call him to order.

For Mr. Guy, they ought to have seen him, and would yet see him (they had at first blinked the point in their renewed misgivings and self-reproaches, and in the concessions they had already made), only a little altered by adversity, more reserved, less prone to company, and thoughtful as he was diligent—his character sifted and strengthened. But the gravity belonged to Market Northorpe and business; at the Gate House the new sedateness was apt to yield to the old man—for one blast of misfortune will no more subdue the innate elasticity of a manly spirit, than it will brace and ennoble a weak and depraved one. So on winter nights, when they played at forfeits and blind-man's buff, or banded guesses and sentiments; and during another spring, when Ned strolled out from Market Northorpe, and he and Guy had a game at bowls on the green—the Squire standing with his hands behind his back, the mighty umpire—and the weather was warm enough for Sylvia, with or without Joan, to carry out her work to the arbor, and sit there with her little spaniel on the bench beside her, occasionally glancing up at the competitors, Mr. Guy was very much the ardent Mr. Guy who had not yet been taken up as a tool, worked unscrupulously, wasted, and cast aside.

Patty Ford was willing to keep the Park Cottage for Mr. Guy till he was ready to return to it. She could trust him with Miss Sylvie and Black George, since he was recovered and restored to himself; and she had a cheerful theory of her own on his domestication at the Gate House, which she imparted early to the Squire, and on which she and he had sundry confabulations, generally before breakfast, when the dew was on the grass, in the open air, and at a safe distance from the premises and the Gorgon's head of Black George. By the Squire's advice, Patty only extended her confidence to the rest of the world in the shape of wreathed nods.

Market Northorpe had its version of Patty Ford's inspiration, and would fain have cross-examined Sylvia Bolton on the matter, but found Sylvia grown precise and close, and could make nothing of her; perhaps Guy too thought Sylvia after a brief interval precise and close, and determined to vindicate any maidenly prerogative she might have waived for a moment. But Guy was in no hurry to give Sylvia up, on the contrary, he looked up to her so simply and sincerely, that he might have literally served for her at a modest distance half his life, in spite of cordial external encouragement, had it not been for a fortuitous circumstance.

Sylvia Bolton had an invitation to visit London, see the great world, go to the play, dance at Vauxhall, lose all her unsophisticated ways, and be wooed and won by some gallant, gay Lothario of that wonderful metropolis. The opportunity presented itself in the midst of the assembled family at the Gate House breakfast-table, when the roses were blossoming, and the bees humming in the third summer of our acquaintance with the Gate House and its garden.

Sylvia received the boon sensibly enough; she was a little dazzled, but like a good girl, she thought the next moment of her ailing mother; of Ned's baby cutting its teeth under a protest; and her father's habits; and her general importance at home—and was chary in her approbation; when, chancing to lift her eyes, to her surprise and indignation she detected an intelligent glance between Guy Hathaway and her father, and sprang at once to the opposite pole of the question. She cried how wild she was with joy; how kind of her second cousins to remember her; how she could not believe she

was to be so lucky; how certain she was she could never exist at the Gate House after she had lived three months in London—confirmed in her angry independence by Guy's ill-concealed chagrin and the Squire's equanimity. All day Sylvia was disturbed and affronted—ready to cry one moment and laugh the next. Why should Guy Hathaway and her father have a mutual understanding where she was concerned?—not that she heeded their secrets—but it was making light of her; it was unfair, unkind.

To compose her ruffled frame, Sylvia took refuge in her green bower after dinner, when, according to his calendar, Guy Hathaway should have been disposed of in Market Northorpe for the rest of the day—but the idle gentleman intruded upon her before she had embroidered half an inch of her robe.

Sylvia was cold and hot, sewed fast, sat bolt upright, and pressed her red lips together, resolute to hide their pouting.

Guy was agitated and self-convicted, fumbled for an argument, looked and sighed, and at last brought out an egotistical regret that she should be so glad to travel all the way to London.

"And why not, sir?" demanded Sylvia, sharply.

Guy looked at the blue sky, the gorgeous peonies, those Queens of Sheba, the pure lilies, and the little brown feathery forests of London Pride, very disconsolately, very much as if she would leave nothing behind her; as if her conduct might be natural but was cruel.

Sylvia did not acknowledge the mute remonstrance; and Guy was forced to speak plainly, and to commit his fate to the cast of a word.

"I would take you, with all my heart, Sylvia: your father would spare me, and we would see Guild-hall, and the palaces and gardens, and the great world together. You should have all you liked that I could give you; I would do all that man could do for one who made him so happy. Your peace and honor have long been dearer to me than my own. I wish I could fight for you—die for you, Sylvie."

"What right have you and papa to plot and plan, and decide for me, without my concurrence? To dispose of me as if I were stone, or wax."

"Right!" echoed Guy Hathaway, quickly. "I have none, and you know it; every man may have a title here save myself. I thought the question was not of right, but of gift. The Squire has been too magnanimous," and Guy half turned on his heel.

Then there flashed on Sylvia, as they say a panorama of life speeds past a drowning man, Guy Hathaway, in his gallant, youthful splendor, entering Market Northorpe theatre, distinguished by all, distinguishing her and her only; Guy's kind arms round her in the election mob; Guy and herself dancing formally together at the Parnells; Guy presenting the daisy and copy of verses, those verses, oh! proud, peevish heart, which she had stored up to this day; the anguish of Guy's farewell, sobbed out without the extortion of a single favor; the bitterness of Guy's abasement sweetened by her lightest word; and now Guy's declaration, privileged as she never dared to dream it, so ungratefully, so cruelly received.

"What right? I did not mean it. Oh, who could have a right like Guy?"

The small whisper won Guy back like a trumpet blast—thrilled rather more through his foolish, panting heart.

And Sylvia, all her little airs and tempests flung from her, could do no other than repeat the one word, "Guy, Guy,"—comprehensible enough to bless Guy beyond crowns and kingdoms, and to cast him at her feet kneeling as lovers knelt, kissing the pink and white hand, pulling it down with bolder tenderness, until, like a conqueror, he had pressed the ripe, rosy lips that had pronounced his election, with neither title nor repulse beyond the faint, sweet "Guy, Guy," that sounded something between the holy chimes of the Christmas eve, and the merry peal of wedding bells—answering it in his lavish vocabulary whose fond expressions have grown quaint to us, like the buds and garlands pressed flat and dry between the yellowing pages of a closed book, but fragrant through all time, his "dearest dear," his "best life," his "sweet heart."

"Ain't I forgiving my enemies now Syll?" whispered Squire Bolton, ruefully, as he kissed his daughter, at the end of that famous dance in which to crown all wonders and complete all harmonies, Black George led off giggling, shaking Patty Ford.

"La, if poor Sir Charles had but lived to

see this day," mourned Mrs. Bolton; but even Guy was remorsefully conscious that at that moment he could not be human, and acquiesce in his mother-in-law's apostrophe.

"Lord, Madam," exclaimed Mrs. Ned, "leave him where he is; you know—

"Happy's the corpse that the rain rains on,
Happy's the bride that the sun shines on."

The Squire never regretted his clemency, though every market day when he rode past Park Cottage he saw his jewel transferred from his hand to sparkle with new lustre on Guy Hathaway's.

Guy proved himself worthy—all Market Northorpe swore it, and so stoutly that they disdained to admit that they had ever impugned the fact. If any second couple in England had ventured to claim the Dunmow Flitch it must have been Guy and Sylvia

Hathaway, whose names are to be seen carved side by side, as they lived, in a record mentioning also three out of their nine children, on a stone let into the chancel of Market Northorpe church. Another evident vestige of the junior branch of the Hathaways is a bridge, purporting to have been erected at the sole expense of Mr. Guy Hathaway, paper maker, printer, and publisher—first for the traffic of his mill, and next for the general convenience of Market Northorpe; and where, as mayor of Market Northorpe, the said Mr. Guy Hathaway headed a deputation of his townspeople, who met and addressed King George, when old instead of young was the adjunct to the royal name, in one of the good yeoman Sovereign's last peaceful peregrinations.

FOG SIGNALS.—Mr. Simon Holland, in a contemporary, thus describes an apparently useful invention:—"A new 'fog signal' will not sound strange to those who have so often witnessed the fact that the simplest and most effective method of doing a thing is frequently the last found out. A train is brought to a stand, and the guard goes back to arrest the attention of the engineer of an approaching train. Two ways have been proposed for the purpose—one appealing to the eye, the other to the ear. I propose to appeal to the feelings of the engineer by placing two or three small wedges on the rail. The effect will be different from that produced by any other shaped small obstacle, and will be such as to arouse the engineer even from a slumber. If we should wish to arouse a sleeping man in a house on fire, we should shake him in preference to any other method, if we could get near him. We should appeal to the strongest and acutest sense, by instinct, as it were. The wedges should be about three inches long and half-an-inch thick at the head, with a lead clip through them for fixing to the rail. They could be kept in a small 'rack' close at the guard's hand. They could not get out of order, and might be used over again indefinitely. The gradual rise of one end of the axle, and then the sudden fall, even though only a quarter of an inch, repeated two or three times, would produce effects which the engineer could not mistake. Those who are fond of complexity could, if they thought proper, add explosive signals to go off

at the same time, and also ignite and liberate lights of various colors. They might appeal to the sense of smell also, as the present explosive fog signals do, to the great annoyance of the passengers. The effect of wedges would be as great in a tunnel or when a train was passing as under other circumstances."

RACHEL AT THIRTEEN.—"Puny, meagre, wiry, she appeared much younger than she really was. She was dressed in a short calico frock, the pattern of which was the common one of a red ground spotted with white; the trowsers were of the same material, the boots of coarse black leather scrupulously polished. Her hair was parted at the back of her head, and hung down her shoulders in two braids. Every thing about the child was of the cheapest and plainest kind; but the *ensemble* conveyed an idea of the greatest neatness and even precision—characteristics for which she was always noted. With those older than herself little Rachel was punctiliously polite, and this manner proceeded more from intuitive knowledge of the propriety of such conduct than from lessons received. She was simple and grave beyond her years; every feature of the long, childish face bearing an impress of modesty, and even dignity, with which education had little to do. With children of her own age she was pert, bold, and capricious, resembling rather a fantastic tricky elf than the serious, formal little dame she appeared in older society."—*Memoirs of Rachel.*

From The Times.

THE THAMES IN HIS GLORY.

OLD Father Thames is now in his glory. This is the week of his final triumph. Sunny or sultry, with the thermometer at 90 in the shade, or any thing you please in the sun, ebbing and flowing, and with vapor and smoke above, moving sometimes West and sometimes East, the grandsire of English streams basks, and welters, and wallows in his mud. No such river as he. Tiber is not so yellow; the Hydaspes is not so turbid; the Nile is not so fertilizing; the Tagus not so golden; Acheron is not so deadly; and for the thirty thousand oxen whose products the Greek hero carried off in the waters of the Alpheus our Thames greedily holds in perpetual solution the products of twice that number of cattle and a hundred times that number of human beings. Steadily and soberly considered, he is a wonder of the world. He is at once the glory and the shame of this great empire. No metropolis but London could make such a dirt, and foul so large a wash-pot. The best measure of things is in their products, and here, just conveniently diluted, is the greatest mass of products to be found in the world. We have a right to worship him and adorn him. He is one of the sacred streams. So we feed him with his favorite aliment; we make no profane innovations on his bed, no quays, no embankments, no side tunnels. Then how do we adorn him? We throw over him, over his very mud as well as his stream, the finest bridges in the world,—the triumphal arch of Waterloo, and the light festoon of Hungerford. We cover his shores with palaces, towers, churches, gardens, and the choicest buildings of the metropolis. In the very thick of the reek and stench the Legislature settles itself with the Primate on the opposite side. The lawyers hug the festering shore; the Tower of Julius frowns over it; fortunate is the public office, the city company, the private merchant, who can sit and snuff the effluvia of the many-colored mud-bank. But take it not on trust. Go yourself, gentle reader. Prepare yourself for the presence of the King of Rivers. Let your stomach be neither empty nor full. Perhaps a tumbler of sherry and water, properly iced, will do you no harm. Let the time be low water. Take your stand anywhere, look down from the bridges, descend the stairs, or embark in a river steamer.

There you shall see in the brief space of half an hour and two or three miles a hundred sewers disgorging solid filth, a hundred chimneys vomiting smoke, and strange, indescribable, sickening vapors: a hundred broad acres of unnatural, slimy chymical compost, a hundred pair of paddlewheels stirring up the mud. The water—the liquid rather—is inky black, Naked imps, issuing from dark arches or dropping from coal barges, play in mud and water like the monster brood of the Nile. No doubt there are vitalities to which Thames water is not fatal.

We believe this to be the uncleanest, foulest river, in the known world. Perhaps the harbor of Marseilles was worse by the necessity of its position, notwithstanding the incessant dredging and all kinds of expedients to divert the city sewage. But the citizens have now, with immense cost, brought a mountain torrent, half the waters of the Durance, from a distance of some seventy or eighty miles, to a height of some 400 feet above the harbor, which in time it will clean. They are Frenchmen. They are Frenchmen also who have just under-tunnelled both banks of the Seine, and carried clear of Paris the contents of all its sewers. Yes, in the heart of a million of people the Seine looks much of a color with the Thames at Maidenhead bridge. People, yes, ladies, bathe in it; fish are caught in it; fine linen is washed in it; river weeds grow in it; artists take their station at the water's edge and draw for hours. In fact, the river is only a country cousin who pays a couple of hours' visit to the city, and then returns to the green fields with scarcely a smudge or a stain.

The nuisance grows fast. Ill weeds thrive apace, and this ill weed, which has killed all other weeds on the banks of the Thames, has grown very palpably within a brief recollection. It is but the other day there was a floating bath above Blackfriars bridge,—most Londoners have bathed in it, and they will remember that the water was rather green than black. The Thames used to change its liveries with the seasons, and become yellow after much rain. Now it is always the color of street sludge, and is only a diluted form of that ingredient which men throw into carts with wide hollow shovels. What gives it this color and consistency? No doubt, every thing that is abominable in London finds its way into the Thames,—domestic and street

products, the refuse of gas and chymical works, slaughter-houses, guano manufactories, dying and scouring works, tan-pits, and now it is added docks and warehouses. There are all sorts of contrivances for depositing in mid stream, if necessary, in the night, from barges or anyhow, forbidden ingredients; and, for want of a better riddance, the practice is connived at. Nobody can be aware of the enormous quantities of most deleterious refuse produced in this metropolis and thrown into the river, if nothing else can be done with it. The Romans used to throw all their broken pots and pans into the Tiber till it was forbidden, and a field was provided instead. Thereupon rose a mountain of broken crockery that would gladden the eyes of any London housemaid, as high as a tall church steeple, and a mile round. Some of the mounds in our new Battersea Park rest on a substratum which had to be ladled to the spot, and is now solid and harmless. But its look made one thankful that it had been saved from the Thames. That is the usual destination of every thing that cannot otherwise be disposed of. Yet, there are paid officers, and ancient functionaries, and a code of laws, for the care of the river. How long is this to go on? Already all who can, get away from the river. The two Houses of Parliament have put their foot into it. They cannot move. Shall we congratulate the metropolis, or not, on the otherwise lamentable fact that life is short in the younger members of the House of Commons? As for the old staggers, they have the constitution of water rats, and it is they who chiefly stand in the way of any thing being done. Something, however, must be done. We must not wait, like old London, for a Plague to be stopped by a Great Fire. We may do better with this metropolis than burn it. Will no one come forward and tell us how to purge this stream of pollution? If the education of the age is good for any thing, it ought to be good for that. Now, while the thermometer is standing at 90 in the shade, is the time to do something. By next Session we shall have forgotten all about it.

From The Saturday Review.
THE SILVER THAMES.

WHERE is the Metropolitan Board of Works? Has the odium which has ravaged the constitutional vineyard of Europe made its appearance among ourselves? Has the

blight attacked our last and most promising experiment in self-government? If Mr. Thwaites' Parliament is not dead, is it speechless? Or is it only that the unprofitable talk of our Metropolitan Wittenagemote has at last wearied even the long suffering reporters? The only thing that we know about the Metropolitan Board of Works is that, in looking through the file of the last two months of the journal which devotes itself to parochial annals, we miss the pleasant but unprofitable talk of this famous conclave. If we could believe that at last it had taken to work instead of talk, we might pluck up courage. But the very last information which we can discover of the existence of the Board of Works forbids this pleasing delusion. The Board is busy; it is waiting for the report of its own referees on the main drainage question; and its own referees are engaged on a plan which, commendable as it may seem, is precisely that which an Act of Parliament was actually passed to prohibit. "The plan of the referees of the Board," it was officially announced a few weeks ago, "is inconsistent with the Act which requires that the Thames shall be purified and that the sewage should be discharged without the Metropolitan area." If it is true that the official referees are now engaged on a new plan of which all that is told us is that it does not contemplate purifying the Thames—that it does propose to discharge the metropolitan sewage into the Thames—and that it is absolutely illegal—it cannot be too widely known that this is all that we are likely to get from the representative wisdom of London. In the fourth year of their existence, the Board has not only done nothing, but all that it is said to contemplate is to perpetuate the very evil which it was actually called into existence to remedy. All that they can suggest is an illegal scheme. To elect a dictator to do nothing is bad enough, but to find that we have erected a tyranny only to sell us into the hands of the enemy, is still more appalling. After four years of rival plans and cross references, to be assured that all the official referees can do is to devise a final scheme by which the sewage of London is to be henceforth carried into the Thames within sight and smell of the whole metropolis, is a triumph of the collective wisdom of our representatives which requires to be brought into prominent notice. Nor is the danger

only contingent. Last week the City Commissioners of Sewers ordered new works, which are to cost only £50,000, by which several of the largest sewers are to be permanently carried still deeper into the bed of the river. Nor is this all. A new philosophic light has arisen which assures us that the Thames does not emit sulphuretted hydrogen. The gas evolved, we are assured, is not inflammable. Dr. Odling having tried to set the Thames on fire, and having failed, we must conclude that its peculiar odor is not unwholesome at all.

Here we join issue. We "ask not proud philosophy to tell us what thou art." A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. We give up the sulphuretted hydrogen. A stink by any other name is still a stench. One of the luminaries of the Common Council told us some years ago that he found the air of Smithfield, after a summer's market, particularly invigorating and refreshing. He rejoiced in inhaling the balmy odors of the gully holes of Cow Cross. And there is a story in one of the natural history books, about a dog of the Spitz breed who used to frequent a tallow melter's manufactory for the express purpose of sniffing the savory fumes of that delicious process. Tastes, we know, differ; but the scent of the Thames is not a matter of theory. That some people may like it we are ready to admit; that it is the perfume of sulphuretted hydrogen, we are not compelled to assert; but that it is a decided stink few will be hardy enough to deny. To some peculiar noses a stink may be agreeable, and it may be very healthy; and we know that chemistry can extract the most delicious essences from all sorts of putrefactions and decompositions. Millefleur may be the ultimate residuum of a knacker's yard. But it is of the intermediate processes that we complain; and they are decidedly unpleasant. Most fortunately this is the season of the year for conducting the inquiry into the ultimate healthfulness of Thames impurities in a satisfactory way. Most of us are privileged with at least one annual jaunt to Greenwich or Richmond. It matters not which way we go—the Thames fragrance is not to be avoided. Blackwall cannot intensify it—Chelsea and Battersea cannot dilute it. It wafts its fragrance into the Archbishop's palace—its subtle delicacies penetrate into the halls of the Legislature. We have but one hope, though a ghastly one. Just as the Black Assize roused the country to under-

stand what goal-fever was, so we are not without a certain fearful yet animating expectation that, if we must come to the final proof, the Speaker taken with vomiting—Committees dispersed by universal diarrhoea—and the leaders of all Parliamentary parties experimentally acquainted with at least one instalment of low typhus—will some day furnish a crucial experiment of the healthiness of the Thames stench which will bring a melancholy conviction with it.

The present season is likely enough to test the question satisfactorily. The more than Indian heat tells on the father of British streams. It reeks and steams famously. Pregnant with disease, and perhaps with death, the concentrated essence of cholera is wafted into the lungs of Parliament and Greenwich parties. This must do its work in responsible quarters. The Thames will be purified; and if it is at the cost of the health and lives of the official guardians of the public safety, they will only have themselves to thank for the pain which Parliament neglect entails. If Parliament can only be made to interfere by its own decimation, we must make up our minds to the dreadful sacrifice. Homer's plague began upon mules and dogs. It is only right that they who are incredulous or neglectful of the seeds of pestilence should be the first to suffer from it.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, and so is a little of sanitary science. Our present dangers arise from a partial and inadequate application of this very sanitary science. Thirty years ago, the Thames at London was comparatively a pure stream. Our present evil arises from an insufficient and incomplete appreciation of sanitary necessities. We have learned something, but because we have stopped short in the application of our knowledge, we are where we are. Thirty years ago water-closets were a luxury—almost every house had its separate and independent cesspool. Every house, to be sure, incorporated its own private reservoir of disease and stench. The evil was intolerable—water-closets were inevitable—and so we determined to have one common cesspool in the Thames. But this common cesspool is an evil worse than twenty thousand private cesspools of thirty years ago. They were at least closed—this is open. We have shown that we can drain all the exuvie of every house in London into one general reservoir—the very same process which has drained every house can drain the reservoir itself.

If we can drain a house we can drain a city. The process is precisely and strictly identical. It requires absolutely no engineering skill to pronounce on the possibility of conveying the sewage of the Thames in a copious parallel stream—if need be, as wide and deep as the Thames itself, but air-tight—into the sea. It is a mere question of expense—the thing itself is, on the very face of it, perfectly and palpably practicable. All subsidiary questions of deodorization, storm falls, and intercepting sewers, on this or that level, are quite subordinate to the main necessity. The problem may be a very large one and a decidedly expensive one, but it is simplicity itself. And we are only losing time if we look at it under any other aspect than in its simplicity. To do less than construct one huge *cloaca*, air-tight, and ending in the sea, and nowhere short of the sea, is but to blink the ultimate necessity of the case. No scientific dodges which pretend to defecate and deodorize the sewage of London, and to employ those ingenious processes under our noses, are to be attended to. We no more believe in the possibility of discharging purified sewage water into the Thames than we do in the alleged harmlessness of the existing Thames vapors. Nor are we prepared to believe in the pretended comparative harmlessness of the storm water. If any of the surface drainage of London is allowed to fall into the Thames, its purification is incomplete. The drainage of the streets is full of corruption, in the shape of horse-dung and vegetable matters. Not a single pint of the sewage of London must be allowed entrance into the Thames: and any scheme which, under any pretence, permits a single sewer, or manufactory, or polluted dock to infect the river is a mockery and delusion. We owe the present state of the Thames to our water-closet system and to improvements in the sewers; and unless we are sensitively alive to the danger of half-measures and to "scientific expedients," the last state of the Thames will be worse than the first. In one only way can the Thames be purified—it is, we repeat, the most costly, but the simplest conceivable. Naturally enough we have been trying to persuade ourselves that half-measures will do. We have wasted time enough in disputing about outfalls at Greenwich, or Erith, or Gravesend. The whole discussion is simply nugatory. From Twickenham, at

least, we must intercept every drain, public or private, which enters the river; and the contents of these drains must be carried under cover to the sea. There it is only reasonable to demand of science that this sewage should in some way be utilized; for simply to throw away the rich manure of all London is an act of economical profligacy. But to pretend that by any means short of this the plague can be stopped, is only a treason and insult to common sense, as direct and palpable as to say that the Thames does not want purifying. It may be quite true, as Dr. Odling suggests, that part of the defilement of the Thames arises from the mud banks, and that this might, and perhaps must, be remedied by embankments; but unless he is prepared openly to say that sewage-water is not pestilential, his argument is quite beside the real and immediate question, which is, how to get rid of the results of the water-closet system, now in its perfection both for good and for evil.

PIFF-PIFF! AN ODE TO THE THAMES.

PIFF, piff-piff, piff, piff-piff!
 Thou noisome Thames River,
 When I thy stench sniff, piff!
 I shudder and shiver.
 Piff, piff-piff! how horrid
 Is thy filth, thick as cream,
 Baked by Summer's sun torrid,
 It reeks with foul steam!
 Piff, piff-piff! what fetor!
 Than a sewer no sweeter,
 Piff, piff! thou art meeter
 To spread o'er the field,
 Where the grass and the wheat are
 Rich harvests to yield,
 Than piff-piff! by paddle
 Or oar to be stirred;
 Piff-piff! than eggs addle
 Thou art worse, on my word!
 Father Thames—piff! the color
 Of Tiber is yellow;
 Thine is darker and duller,
 Thou nasty old fellow.
 Piff, piff-piff! what liquor
 Thou pour'st from thine urn!
 Which still growing thicker,
 The—piff!—steamers churn.
 Piff, piff! with diseases
 Thou loadest the breezes;
 And—piff!—a man sneezes
 Hard by thee who goes;
 The scent of thee seizes
 So strong on the nose,
 Piff, piff! who'll deliver
 Piff! London from pest,
 And—piff!—loathsome River,
 Piff! cleanse thy foul breast?

—Punch.

THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY.

BY MARK LEMON.

MARY F—— had been left an orphan at a very early age. Her maternal grandmother, with whom she had resided from infancy, was a proud, stern, and selfish woman, little calculated to secure either the affection or obedience of an impulsive and wilful child, like Mary F——. The consequence was, that although the two lived beneath the same roof, their intercourse was unfrequent and constrained; and as Mary approached to womanhood their estrangement became greater. It is, therefore, no wonder that the gossips of Bilberry were one morning fully employed in narrating to all who would listen to them the particulars of the elopement of Mary F—— with the young lieutenant of Dragoons recently quartered at the Red Lion. The young soldier had been attracted no less by the well-known wealth of Mary's grandmother than by the pretty face and graceful form of Mary herself; but whatever might have been his mercenary hopes, they were not fated to be realized, for the old lady was, or affected to be, so scandalised by her grandchild's conduct, that from that hour to the day of her death she refused to hold any intercourse either with Mary or her husband.

Shortly after his marriage, the regiment of Lieutenant B—— was ordered to the Peninsular, whither Mary accompanied her husband. The fatigue and anxiety which she had to encounter soon had a fatal result, and Mary died, after giving birth to a girl. The infant was confided to the care of the wife of one Sergeant Byers, who tended it with the affection of a mother, and, when the father fell on the field of battle, refused to part with the child, and ultimately brought it with her to England, when the Peace was proclaimed. The friends of Lieutenant B—— readily allowed the poor orphan to remain with its kind nurse, who was more than compensated by a small allowance made by the family of the father, and the affection of her little *protégée*, whom she had called Mary, after its mother.

Time passed on, and little Mary grew into maidenhood—a fragile, gentle creature, that seemed to look upon sorrow as its heritage. The friends of her father had long ceased to take an interest in her fate, and she was generally considered by every one to be the daughter of Mrs. Sergeant Byers. Among

the visitors of her foster-mother was Thomas Brown, a kind and somewhat simple young man, who followed the then well-paid and reputable trade of a tailor. His quiet manners soon made an impression on the gentle heart of Mary; and he in his turn found no place so agreeable to him as the house of Mrs. Byers.

A great day was the 5th of March, 18—, for the neighbors and friends of Mr. Thomas Brown and Mary B——. About eleven o'clock on the morning of that eventful day not a first-floor window in the whole street but teemed with human heads, principally belonging to the gentler sex. It is wonderful the interest women take in a wedding. They may know nothing of the bride and bridegroom nevertheless they evince as much interest in the proceedings as they possibly could do if the happy pair were their nearest kith and kin. It is an instance of the universal benevolence of the female character; for, as marriage is the "be-all and the end-all" of a woman's life, from eighteen to—(well! I know not where to set the limit), every daughter of Eve rejoices when a sister has achieved her destiny. How the news of a wedding spreads through a neighborhood is to me a marvel, for, let such an intended event be a sworn secret between the contracting parties, and I would wager a pair of gloves that when a happy day arrives, not a housemaid in the neighborhood but is cognizant of the fact. It must be from sympathy.

Well, when the hackney-coach arrived, and its jingling steps fell down, ringing, as it were, a rude marriage-peal, the excitement was intense. What straining of necks, nodding of heads, and waving of handkerchiefs, as the gallant tailor led forth Mrs. Byers, and the old sergeant, spruce as on drill, handed into the dear old roomy hackney-coach, the bride, all blushes and white bows. There was a tuneful cheer—tuneful with women's voices, as the "leathern convenience" rumbled up the street. The weather-beaten Jarvey seemed to have thawed his face for the occasion, and beamed with smiles as though he sat upon a Lord Mayor's hammer-cloth, instead of a mat of straw. The pew-opener and beadle were heartily glad to see the young couple; and the latter functionary had done honor to the occasion by putting on his Sunday coat and cocked hat, and appeared just as he would have done had it been a lord's wedding, in-

stead of a tailor's; the only perceptible difference was, that he had not taken his chin to the barber's; but as he was a man of sanguine complexion, that did not signify so much. Mary was a favorite parishioner with the clergyman; and the reverend gentleman read the service very impressively, and made the bridegroom clearly comprehend the responsibilities he was incurring. Poor Mary looked to need more than ever the support she had obtained; and though she did smile once or twice, the faint expression faded like breath from a mirror. Yet she was happy, very happy, in her quiet, gentle way, but she seemed to live in the shadow of the future.

When they got home again there was quite an avenue of neighbors, extending from the kerb-stone to the door-step, through which they had to pass; the bridegroom gasping out as many "thank you's" as he could, in return for the good wishes uttered by the little crowd. The wedding-dinner was not, of course, splendid, but, to quote Sergeant Byers—"it was prime;" and, though Mary could not eat any thing, weeks had passed before Mrs. Byers had finished sounding the praises of the baked potatoes.

And Mary and her husband lived very happily together, humbly but contentedly, until it was found out that Mrs. Brown was the heiress of Bilberry.

How that was discovered you are now to hear.

Death had been busy in the little town of Bilberry, and had garnered, in the fulness of years, Mr. Jonathan Trail, attorney-at-law, and for many years confidential adviser to half the population of Bilberry. The funeral had been "performed," and the friends and relatives of the deceased gentleman were assembled in the drawing-room, listening to his last will and testament.

As Mr. Robert Nailer, late copying-clerk to the deceased, had no interest in the important document then under perusal above stairs, he had taken his accustomed place in the office, and, resting his head upon his hands, endeavored to read upon his blotting-pad his own future destiny. To think of occupying the shoes of his late employer was quite out of the question, as Mr. Nailer had, unfortunately for himself, and fortunately for the people of Bilberry, distinguished himself by sundry acts of blackguardism, which had rendered his reputation the reverse of a sweet-

smelling odor in the nostrils of his master's clients. No! he felt that he must seek elsewhere a sphere of action; and London appeared to him the largest field of operation.

But how to make a beginning?—His ready money amounted to a sum somewhat under twenty pounds, and the only friend he knew, who would lend him a shilling, was that universal uncle who originally came from Lombardy. A silver watch, and sundry trumpery rings and ornaments, were the only things he had likely to move the cautious Lombardian. What was to be done, or who was to be done, he cared not. The blotting-paper seemed to have absorbed all his hopes, so he looked up at the ceiling, which only presented a dusky blank. From the ceiling his eye wandered to the shelf, supporting numerous japan boxes—some of them exhausted, others inexhaustible mines of wealth to the successor, whoever he might be, of the late Mr. Trail. At length Mr. Nailer remembered, among the last official acts of his deceased master, and in which he, Mr. Nailer, had been concerned, was the examination of certain dusty papers, referring to a considerable amount of property, situate in the said township of Bilberry. He remembered, also, that the late Mr. Trail had expressed some doubts as to the present occupier's title thereto; but, unfortunately for the rightful owner's interests, one Orcus served the attorney with a writ of *habeas corpus*—and so terminated for the time being, further speculation upon the subject. It now occurred to Mr. Nailer that nobody was likely to inquire after these papers, and, as there might be a chancery suit wrapped up in them, he should be doing good possibly to himself, and no serious injury to anybody that he knew of, if he included the said papers among his own baggage. As there was no one present to argue the propriety of the act with him, he gave himself the benefit of the doubt, and removing the dusty papers from one of the aforesaid tin boxes, conveyed the same to the depths of a mangy hair-trunk, emblazoned with "Robert Nailer," in round-headed brass nails.

It is said that rats have, by instinct, knowledge of a falling house or a sinking vessel, and very naturally endeavor to escape a catastrophe. So it was with Mr. Robert Nailer. He knew, to use his own expression, "that he should be scuttled" as soon as the executors had done with him; and therefore

he preferred selecting his own time of departure, instead of waiting to be expelled. It was from this determination that he and his mangy trunk were one morning the sole occupants of the roof of the stage-coach then plying between London and Bilberry, and which, after a journey of five hours, arrived safely at that comfortable hostel, the Old Bell, Holborn.

Mr. Nailer's first business, after his arrival in London (having "remembered the coachman," very much to the dissatisfaction of that worthy), was to convey himself and his trunk to a coffee-house in Fetter Lane, where, on a former visit to the Great Metropolis, he had found cheap and not over-cleanly quarters. Mr. Nailer immediately proceeded to refresh himself with a muffin and a pint of indescribable mixture, called coffee, but which emitted an odor savoring much more of burnt horsebeans than the aromatic berry of the East. His frugal repast ended, Mr. Nailer called for pen, ink, and paper, and busied himself in compiling an advertisement, the subject of which had occupied his thoughts for the greater part of his journey from Bilberry. The effects of the remarkable composition were made apparent on the afternoon of the following day, through the agency of our old friend Sergeant Byers.

The gallant sergeant had retired from the army on a pension of half-a-crown a day. Nevertheless, being of an active turn of mind and body, he had sought to relieve the monotony of his existence by running of messages, beating carpets, and performing other business connected with the profession of a light porter; thus maintaining an independent position, and benefiting himself and his fellow-creatures. As the morning generally sufficed for the performance of his day's labors, the sergeant was accustomed to resort in the afternoon to the Balsover Arms, and there, over a modest half-pint of porter, a pipe, and the newspaper, satisfy his mind as to the existing state of Europe, and of things in general. On the day following Mr. Nailer's arrival in London the sergeant was thus employed, when he laid down his pipe very suddenly, and seizing the paper with both hands, appeared to be fearful of losing his hold upon some valuable piece of information. After a careful re-perusal of the interesting passage, he rushed out of the room with the newspaper, leaving porter and pipe both un-

finished, and entirely forgetful of his little carpet cap, which he had taken off and laid upon the bench beside him. Bareheaded and excited, he hurried through the streets to the shop of Thomas Brown, and arrived there in such a state of breathlessness and exhaustion, that he could only point to the newspaper, and exclaim, "Look at that!" The alarmed tailor did as he was desired, and read as follows:—

"If the child, or children (if any) of Mary F—, of Bilberry, who in the year 18—married Lieutenant B—, of — Dragoons, and who is supposed to have died abroad, will apply to Lex—in the first instance by letter only, *franco*—Fetter Lane, he or she, or they (as the case may be), will hear of something greatly to his, or her, or their advantage."

When the tailor had finished, he looked to the sergeant for a solution of the enigma. Mr. Byers, having recovered his breath, proceeded at once to the elucidation of the mystery.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I knew it must come some day! She's owned by her unnatural relations, and they're about to do her justice at last. Go and break it gently to Mary, and get tea ready; and I'll run home for Mrs. Byers, and get my cap from the Balsover Arms, and we'll hold a council of war on the matter."

The tailor did break it gently to his wife, who, nevertheless, was ready to faint at the intelligence—so was Mrs. Byers, but was prevented going quite off by a very unparliamentary remark of the excited sergeant.

The council was held; and after the consumption of much tea on the part of the tailor and the ladies, and a pardonable amount of tobacco and gin-and-water on that of Mr. Byers, a letter was written to the unknown "Lex," and posted forthwith, duly reaching its destination in Fetter Lane by the first delivery.

This immediate reply exceeded Mr. Nailer's most sanguine hopes; and he expressed his great satisfaction by adding an egg and a rasher of bacon to his matutinal meal. He proceeded next to shave and dress himself, putting as much respectability into his face as it was capable of containing, and forthwith proceeded to the house of Thomas Brown. Had the Lord Chancellor himself put in an appearance at that humble abode, he could not have been received with more breathless

deference than was Mr. Nailer. Mr. Nailer did not fail to perceive the effect his presence produced, and of course gave himself the full benefit of it. He tried to look as though all the tin boxes at Bilberry were under his control, and that there was a balance standing in the name of Robert Nailer at some banker's, that would make any suspicion of his disinterestedness an insult to our common nature, in its most prosperous condition. Mr. Nailer glanced his eye round the tailor's shop, and saw enough to convince him that the man had credit, if he had not money; and he secretly resolved to set off a suit of clothes against his prospective costs. Mr. Nailer proceeded to examine and cross-examine the Browns and the Byers, occasionally referring to the bundle of dusty papers which he had abstracted from the office at Bilberry. Mr. Nailer professed to have hopes—great hopes—that he had found “the parties” he had been so desirous to discover; in fact, after seeing the certificate of marriage between Mary F—— and Lieut. B——, he had no doubt but he should have the happiness to put Mary in possession of her great-grandmother's property, at present so unjustly enjoyed by “other parties.” Mr. Nailer was prepared to do this merely for costs out of pocket, being content to leave any further remuneration to the generosity of the Browns, who were too grateful for this disinterestedness not to promise a very liberal per-centage. Mr. Nailer then made an appointment for the succeeding day, just hinting, whilst he grasped Brown's hand as he lingered on the doorstep, that it might be as well to have a trifle, say twenty pounds, ready on the morrow for counsel's fees and other preliminary matters. The tailor returned to his wife and friends, rather staggered by the amount of the trifle Mr. Nailer required; but another “council” was held, and it was resolved that Mr. Byers should wait upon a neighbor (reported to have £500 in the bank); and, by offering him a share in the golden harvest, obtain the means to set the legal reapers to work.

The moneyed neighbor was of a speculative turn of mind, and, having gained a prize in the lottery, had believed ever since that he was to make a fortune by luck, and not by labor. The proposition, therefore, of Mr. Byers was so far entertained that the twenty pounds were advanced, and duly handed to Mr. Nailer in the morning, after that person had strengthened his conviction of the justice

of Mrs. Brown's claim by another perusal of the marriage certificate, and a small quantity of Burton ale, which a thirst, consequent upon a breakfast of Yarmouth bloaters, had compelled him to solicit.

Mr. Nailer's next step was to qualify himself for “a gentleman, one,” &c.; and at the time at which we write, an admission on the rolls was no very difficult matter. Being duly qualified to practise, he did so: and with what result!

Some few years ago I attended a police-court in London, to make a declaration as to the truth of some official documents. My business was over, but I remained seated at the attorney's table—for I confess that a police-office has for me a strong though painful fascination. Phases of life are exhibited there so terrible, from their misery and crime, that they reprove the selfish indifference which, contented with its own happier fortunes, never seeks to know the wretchedness which may be alleviated, or the ignorance which might be tutored into good. I have felt that reproof, and have listened to narratives of error, crime, and misery, to strengthen my resolves for a better future.

I was seated, as I have said, at the table set aside for the use of the attorneys attending the court. Two other persons also occupied seats, and from their appearance I concluded they were gentlemen learned in the law. One was rather remarkable for the extreme neatness of his dress and an unmistakable expression of low cunning; the other appeared to be a man of much good-nature and benevolence.

“The next case,” said the clerk; and a pale-faced, meek-looking woman was placed at the front of the bar. Her dress, a faded black bonnet with a ragged veil—a shawl, so soiled and tattered, that it was impossible to guess at its original color or texture—a rusty gown so thin and threadbare that it clung about the wasted limbs beneath it, and seemed to be their only covering.

“What's your name?” asked the clerk.

She answered in a voice so “gentle and low,” that it was scarcely audible.

“Who is the complainant?” inquired the magistrate.

“I am, sir,” said the cunning gentleman. “The woman at the bar, your worship, is continually calling, not only at my office, but at my private residence, and creating a disturbance.”

She create a disturbance, with that feeble voice—that emaciated body!

"What have you to say to the charge?" asked the magistrate.

"I only want my papers, sir," said the woman. "He's my lawyer, sir, and he won't give me my papers."

"What papers?" inquired the magistrate.

"The papers of my property, sir. I only want them, sir," answered the woman, in the same feeble voice.

"The fact is, your worship," said the cunning gentleman, "I have been concerned for this woman in an attempt to establish some fancied claim which she has upon some property at Bilberry. I have expended much money—hem!"

"Which I have given you," said the woman. "Three hundred and twenty pounds, sir!—and now he won't go on with the suit, or give me my papers. We have parted with every thing we have in the world. We have nothing but a heap of rags to sleep upon—nothing to eat—" Her tears made her silent.

"With that I have nothing to do," continued the cunning gentleman; "and (though it's not for me to tell your worship what is your worship's business) nothing to do with your worship. I don't wish to be hard with the woman. If she'll only promise not to molest me again, I will not press the charge."

"But will you give me my papers?" urged the woman.

"If you give me fifty pounds, I will; not without," said the cunning gentleman.

The poor wretch at the bar felt the mockery to be so great that she could say no more, but held out her bony hands, and looked towards the magistrate imploringly.

The good-natured man at the table could sit quiet no longer. He rose, and said, "Your worship, I know something of this case. The woman has, I think, some claim to something somewhere; and if this gentleman will give up the papers, I will look into them for her, and either assist her in the recovery of her property, or satisfy her of the hopelessness of pursuing it. She has now been fifteen years—"

"More than that," said the woman; "nearer twenty years, at law—three hundred and twenty pounds have we paid him, and all I want is my papers."

Here she produced from beneath her shawl a tattered white handkerchief, and unrolling it, displayed a small memorandum-

book, and something which looked like a very little brief.

"I am not here to go into these matters," exclaimed the cunning gentleman, "I am to be found at my office every day from nine till five. Will this woman promise not to create any further disturbance at my house?"

"I have no doubt she will," said the magistrate. "You will promise this, will you not?"

"I never did, sir; and I will promise; but my papers—"

"Are yours for fifty pounds; or perhaps this gentleman will advance it," said Mr. Nailer (for it was he), bowing to the poor woman's advocate.

The magistrate here interposed, and, having again exacted a promise that no further annoyance should be attempted, dismissed the complaint. Mr. Nailer bowed to the bench, and retired, looking around him as he retreated, as though to enjoy the mute applause which he considered his forbearance had merited.

"You can go!" said the clerk, in a loud, official tone.

But the woman still lingered, with her eyes fixed upon the magistrate, whilst she mechanically rolled and unrolled the ragged handkerchief which contained the vouchers.

"My good woman," said the magistrate, "I can do nothing for you."

The poor creature's eyes filled with tears. After a moment's pause, she again said—

"My papers—we have sold every thing for them."

"Have you, then, a partner in this misery?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yes, sir, I've a husband and a child. My husband's a tailor, sir; and when he can work makes soldiers' trousers—fivepence a pair, sir; when we are all well, we can make two pair a day—but none of us *can* work now; we are all ill, sir."

Yes—all starving!

The magistrate gave the woman some money, and bade her go—but she lingered still, and made another mute appeal with her little bundle. She evidently thought that if the kind magistrate would but look into her case, she should have justice. No one spoke not even the stern clerk. At last she turned to go away—stopped—held out the ragged handkerchief—turned again, and then glided away as it were among the crowd. Poor Mary Brown! (God help her!) The heir-ess of Bilberry!

What the impediments were to the recovery of her property I could never learn. Death has been more merciful than the law, and long since given rest to the Victim of Chancery.

WATER MUSIC.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer—
Far beyond the smoky town.
Weary with a long day's ramble
Through the fern and blooming bramble,
Needing rest, I sat me down.
Beetling crags hung high above me,
Ever looking grandly rude;
Still there was some trace of mildness
In this scene so weird: its wildness
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
Seem'd this rugged realm to fill;
That which was my soul's entrancing
Was the music and the glancing
Of a rock-born plashing rill.
Lingering there, I was delighted,
Musing on the days gone by,
Watching its bright spray-pears sprinkled,
Every silvery tone that tinkled
Touch'd some cord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
Threw a spell around me there:
Now, in lightest notes of gladness,
Now, in deeper tones of sadness,
Wafting whispers to my ear.
Memory, hope, imagination,
Seem'd to have usurp'd my will;
And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming
Till the bright stars were a-gleaming
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
Came upon me then unsought!
Strange, that sounds should find responses—
Where e'en mystery ensconces—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions were awaken'd,
Making my heart wildly thrill,
As I linger'd there and listen'd,
Whilst the dew around me glisten'd,
To the music of the rill.

—*Household Words.*

VERNAL.

CHASE the Winter, merry Spring!
Lightly, if you love us,
Let the leafy woodbine swing,
Vault the blue above us!

Nay, already she is here:
Stealthy laughter quiver
Through the ground, the atmosphere,
Wood, and bubbling river.

When the softer south wind blows,
Peeps the green from melting snows;
Their bushy rods the shallows gild;
The cawing rooks begin to build,
And watch the farmer dig and sow
In his miry fields below,
Or gravely follow in the furrows
Picking where the plough unburrows;
Pearl-white lambkins frisk and bleat,
Or kneeling tug the kindly teat;
Poet Lark, from stair to stair

Of brilliant cloud and azure air,
Mounts to the morning's top, and sings
Jubilant hymns and anthemings,
Hurrying, as though the longer days
Were still too brief for joy and praise
Nor hush'd before the cressets high
Twinkle down from cooler sky.
What beholds he on this earth?
A rising tide of love and mirth.

Welcome, every breeze and show'r;
Sun that courts the blossom;
Every new delicious flow'r
Heap'd in Maia's bosom!

Not a bird is found alone,
Always two together;
Spring inspiring every tone,
Flushing every feather.

Verdure's tufted on the briar
Like crockets of a minster-spire;
The grass is creeping up the hills;
Our lawn has golden daffodils;
Day by day its budding trees
Tassel the walk,—but who are these?
Dorothy, Alicia, Mary,
Over moorlands wide and airy,
Deep in dells of early flow'rs,
They have been abroad for hours;
First wild-roses whoso seeks,
There they bring them, in their cheeks.
Tender flow'rets, fairer far
Than primroses and violets are,
May never frost your blooming cheek!
Alicia's hat is on her neck,
She wins the race, her laughter mocks
The cool breeze in her glittering locks;
Her eyes were made for sorrow's cure,
And doubts of Heav'n to re-assure.
Veils of fresh and fragrant rain
Sinking over the green plain,
Founts of sunny beams that lie
Scatter'd through the vernal sky,
The million-fold expanding woods,
Are less delightful than her moods.

'Tis not life, to pine and cloy;
Sickness utters treason;
Those are best, who best enjoy
Every good in season.

Glad, with moisture'd eyes,—I learn
April's true caressing:
Children, every month in turn
Bring you three a blessing!

W. ALLINGHAM.

ANCIENT LADIES' POMP.

"'Tis a strong-limbed knave:
My father bought him for my sister's litter.
Oh, pride of women! Coaches are too com-
mon—
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
And ladies think they keep not state enough,
If, for their pomp and ease they are not borne
In triumph on men's shoulders."

MASSINGER'S *Bondman*.

From The Economist, 19 June.
THE NATIONAL DEBT AND OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

It is difficult to induce either individuals or nations in a state of embarrassment to look their difficulties fairly in the face, and yet it is universally admitted that without doing so, there is but little chance of escaping from them. The first preliminary that is necessary in order successfully to cope with a difficulty, is to understand its true character and extent. Exaggeration and vague apprehension invariably accompany a state of ignorance, and tend to benumb all efforts for improvement; while a full and clear knowledge shows that the task of amelioration, if reduced to order and system, is not, after all, so impossible as it at first appeared. The national debt of England, however much it may be regarded by the common mind as something too vague or too transcendent to be deliberately examined and dealt with, is nevertheless a "great fact," a "standing menace" to our future security. To say that it amounts to upwards of eight hundred millions, is perhaps to use terms the force of which it is difficult for the mind to realise; the amount sounds so great, that it might apparently as well be any other indefinite sum. But when we say that the annual charges (for which the industry of the nation is mortgaged) attending these national obligations amount to more than twenty-eight millions a year,—a sum equal to the whole of the public expenditure of the country, whether for civil, military, naval, or other purposes,—when we bring it clearly home to our apprehensions that but for this annual charge in respect to the expenditure of past times, less than one-half of the present taxes of all descriptions would be sufficient to defray all the claims upon the Exchequer,—these huge obligations assume an aspect of a more practical and appreciable character. When it is considered that, but for this charge, we could at once dispense with the whole of the Customs duties and the whole of the income tax, and be as well able to meet all the claims of the Government as we can now do with them, we have a clear perception of the real consequences of the national debt.

People seem to be somewhat reconciled to the existence of a great national debt from a belief that it is a sort of necessity so interwoven with our institutions, that they have risen by its aid, and from time to time have been sustained only by it. There is a vague impression that we are as much beholden to our colossal debt for the freedom we enjoy as to *Magna Charta* itself. As long as a nation has to submit to such an infliction, it may not be unwise to cherish a fallacy of this kind, if it tends to make the burden more bearable.

But, nevertheless, it is a pure fallacy. The truth is, that the national debt is comparatively a thing but of yesterday. A century and a half is no doubt a long time compared with the life of man, but in the history of a great nation it is a short space. The national debt takes date only from the end of the seventeenth century. With the exception of the small debt owing to the bankers, the first loans were created in 1690 to the amount of only £750,000. Continued borrowing during war, with only partial repayments during peace, increased the debt at the end of one hundred years to £261,000,000, with an annual charge of £9,471,000, at which it stood in 1793. But in the twenty-three years next succeeding, it was increased by no less a sum than £593,000,000, making a total in 1816 of £854,000,000, involving an annual charge of £32,456,000. It was thus in the short space of about one century and a quarter from the time of its origin that the national debt attained its highest point. On the return of peace a strong conviction appears to have existed as to the necessity of making great reductions in the amount of these obligations incurred for the objects of war; and the various means resorted to for that purpose, however objectionable in some respects, were not altogether unsuccessful. The complicated character of the measures referred to, involving borrowing with the one hand and paying with the other, renders it impossible to trace their precise consequences from year to year: but, at least, we have this broad and general result at the end of twelve years, that the debt had been reduced in that short period by no less than £54,000,000, and the annual charge upon it by £3,277,000. This fact was brought to light by the Finance Committee of 1828. The result had been accomplished by means of sinking funds, in their character and operation less or more objectionable; but, nevertheless, this result was obtained. That committee, however, anxious to have the sinking fund for the future upon a sounder footing, made recommendations, the effect of which was to simplify its operation, and as far as possible to reduce it to a reality in all its parts. The old fallacies of Dr. Price were then exploded, and the rule laid down by Dr. Hamilton, that the only true and efficient sinking fund consisted of the surplus of income above expenditure, was adopted by the committee. This recommendation was embodied in an Act passed in 1828; but that Act failed in one most essential point. The committee had recommended that in estimating the ways and means of the year a provision should be made for a surplus of not less than £3,000,000. No such provision was, however, made in the Act;—and the fact of a surplus existing at all was left to the

mere chance of the pressure upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the reduction of taxes on the one hand, and for increased expenditure for various objects on the other. The result has been what might have been foreseen. Whereas for the twelve years prior to 1828, the sinking fund with all its defects had accomplished a reduction in the debt of £54,000,000, the whole of the reduction which was effected in the succeeding twenty-five years, up to the commencement of the Russian war, was but £21,000,000. And now that that war is concluded, the debt stands at an amount fully *eight millions* larger than it was in 1828. The highest point which the debt stood at in 1816, was £854,000,000; at the close of last year, it was still £808,000,000; so that while in twenty-three years of war, from 1793 to 1816, it had increased by the sum of £593,000,000, it has diminished in the subsequent forty-two years by only \$46,000,000. Between the sums borrowed during war, and those repaid during peace, since 1690, there remains a balance of debt of £808,000,000, and an annual charge of £28,500,000 for interest and management.

Looking to the present state of Europe, and to the temper of the United States, no one can feel astonished at the anxiety displayed by the public as to our means of national defence. Without in any way sympathising with the apprehensions so common in some quarters of pending dangers, it is impossible not to feel that sooner or later great convulsions may take place in Europe in the attempt to render political institutions more in accordance with the wants and feelings of highly-enlightened and civilized nations; while in the United States it seems now to be a settled conviction, openly expressed, by men of position and weight, that the time must come when they must make a great struggle to render themselves masters of the Western world. Whenever these struggles shall come, it is difficult to believe that this country will be able to stand by, an indifferent spectator of events which will determine great national questions, involving the security, if not the existence, of our own empire. But should such a contest arise, in which England will be called upon to put forth great efforts, at what fearful and adverse odds shall we enter upon it, with a load of taxation pressing upon the country on account of past wars, to the amount of the annual charge upon our existing debt! During the late war with Russia, the Government of the day and the House of Commons wisely determined that the expenses incurred should not add to the permanent debt. A great effort was made to pay a considerable portion of the cost of that war by means of increased taxation, and

when loans were resorted to for a portion of it, a special provision was made for their repayment on the return of peace. This wise and salutary arrangement, it is now proposed by the present Government shall be abandoned. It is popular to remit taxes:—and even to increase expenditure:—and between these two operations the repayment of debt from surplus revenue is a difficult task. The simple course is taken, which unfortunately is always too popular a one, of postponing obligations without regard to the ultimate danger which they involve; When so much is said about national defences, it would be well to consider, if a great struggle is ever to come, what a real source of weakness we shall find in the fact that we have already mortgaged the national finances to an amount which practically, even in times of peace, doubles the necessary amount of our taxation:—and it would be well to consider whether a well-organised means of reducing that great incubus upon the national industry in times of peace, would not be by far the best means of preparing for war, should we unfortunately be obliged to embark in it.

From The Economist, 19 June.

THE LIMITS OF CONCESSION TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE threatening aspect of our relations with America makes it probable that a time is coming which will task to the very utmost the firmness and high principle of English statesmen. We can scarcely doubt that we shall soon have to consider and determine whether it be the duty of England to withdraw from the policy she has hitherto pursued in relation to the slave trade, or to persist in that policy. We cannot but greatly fear that this may be the practical issue which English statesmen will have to face, as a consequence of the now pending disputes. We fear this, not because we believe that English public opinion would for a moment screen the smallest insult or even discourtesy to the United States under the *pretence* of her anti-slave-trade policy. We are quite sure that no such wish exists;—we are quite sure that if indeed our commanders in the Gulf of Mexico have acted in the way imputed to them, or given causeless offence of any sort to the United States Navy,—then that there will be but one unanimous cry in England demanding that the responsible officer shall be disavowed and cashiered.

But there are very grave reasons to fear that the public opinion of America at the present time is not so much roused by the grievances of which we have heard, as eager to use those grievances for the purpose of compelling us to give up our present policy in

regard to the slave trade altogether under the penalty of a war with the United States. We find, on the one hand, that the British officers in the Gulf, so far as any reports have as yet reached us, deny the statements made against them, and affirm that in the case of the *Mobile*, the British cruiser fired only because the *Mobile* refused to hoist her colors. And, however this may be, it is, on the other hand, matter of far graver concern that the United States Press writes as if a war with England were the object and desire of the American people, instead of a most painful necessity forced upon them in case of ultimate refusal on our part to disavow any unjustifiable acts that may have been in fact committed by our cruisers. The *New York Herald*, for example, which is not taking in any way a line peculiar to itself, devotes an article to proving that a war with England would be the best possible expedient for developing the resources of the American continent, and is not ashamed to say that such a war "may be one of the inscrutable designs of Providence for working out the true and manifest destiny of this great Republic." That such a war *might*, indeed, be one of the designs of Providence for working out the true destiny of the American Republic, we will not deny. It *might* become a means of working out the destiny of both the belligerents in a manner very painful, and yet possibly, eventually salutary to both. By a sudden and violent shock, it *might* awaken the American States to the necessity of cordial unity, and, both in this way and by breaking up the cotton trade with England, it might possibly cut the knot which no American politician has yet been able to unloose with regard to the future of Slavery. But the *New York Herald* looks to something very different from this when it speaks of the "manifest" destiny of the United States. It does not leave us in doubt as to the interpretation it puts on those words. "Before the first year of the war had expired," it writes, "we should find ourselves in possession of Canada, Cuba, Jamaica, St. Domingo, Mexico, and Central America. All of them would bring new sources of supply, open new avenues of industry and trade, and augment the fountains of our strength, while their accession to our Union would sensibly diminish the strength of the European Powers. When the war ended, it would exhibit results similar to those of the Crimean Struggle, but on a vaster scale. We should come out of it first in the world, as France came out of the Eastern war first in Europe." Nor is the *New York Herald* and the great Democratic party the only party in America that gives us cause for anxiety as to the state of public opinion towards England. Even the Anti-Slavery men are united on the same side, and vie with the

Southern Democrats in the vehemence of the language they use, and the violence of the measures they advocate.

It is clear, then, that the danger of a quarrel with America does not arise simply from the imprudence or misconduct of a few English cruisers. It is clear that there is at once a wide-spread feeling of hostility to England, and also in some quarters a craving for such opportunities of encroachment as war must afford, which may render it a very difficult task for English statesmen to assume a position at once firm and conciliating. For we may neither let them disgrace us in our own eyes and before the world, by compromising us in our engagement to carry on effectively a work which we have so long and, on the whole, so successfully pursued, nor fail to exonerate England from any sort of guilty responsibility for a war which could not but be in every sense the most disastrous war, for either England or America, in which either country could engage. What then should be the aim of our Government? And what are the kinds of concession which would be both honorable and desirable? Let us look a moment at the historical antecedents of this dispute.

We see it asserted on all hands that the United States have never conceded either the right of visitation or that of search to the British squadron. Now in a certain sense this is true, but in the only sense in which it bears on the present dispute it is wholly false. What we want practically to ascertain is this;—what measures (putting aside the question of technical legality) have the United States actually admitted, by their acts or by their words, to be at once *practicable* and *desirable* for the suppression of the slave trade? If we know that as a matter of fact they have allowed the practice of visitation, and even admitted it to be, under given conditions, harmless and desirable, then we may be certain that some arrangement between the two Governments is perfectly easy, provided always that no radical change has taken place in the temper of the United States, as regards either England on the one hand, or the slave trade on the other.

Now this is simply matter of fact, as Lord Aberdeen himself explained on Thursday night. Technically speaking, the Government of the United States has always protested against the assumption that the English squadron may visit, *as of right*, vessels hoisting the American flag and suspected to be slavers making a false show. *But in practice, they have long conceded the practice, under given conditions, and even approved of it.* On the 27th February, 1843, President Tyler laid before Congress a statement explaining the understanding arrived at

between his Government and Lord Aberdeen with regard to this question. The President first drew attention to the fact that Great Britain did admit a wide distinction of principle between the universal international law authorising the cruisers of any nation to board and search a vessel of piratical appearance, and the right claimed by her to inquire into the nationality of a suspected slaver;—and proved that she admitted this distinction by promising and frequently giving adequate indemnity for the delay and inconvenience of a visitation to merchant ships erroneously challenged as slavers, though no such claim could possibly be urged for seeming pirates. The President then goes on to say:—

“His Lordship declares that if, in spite of all the precaution which shall be used to prevent such occurrences, an American ship, by reason of any visit or detention of a British cruiser, ‘should suffer loss and injury, it would be followed by prompt and ample remuneration.’ And in order to make more manifest her [Great Britain’s] intentions in this respect, Lord Aberdeen, in the despatch of the 20th December, makes known to Mr. Everett the nature of the instructions given to the British cruisers. These are such as, if faithfully observed, would enable the British Government to approximate the standard of a fair indemnity. That Government has in several cases fulfilled her promises, in this particular, by making adequate reparation for damage done to our commerce. It seems obvious to remark that a right which is only to be exercised under such restrictions and precautions and risk, in case of any assignable damage to be followed by the consequences of a trespass, can scarcely be considered anything more than a privilege asked for, and either conceded or withheld on the usual principles of international comity. . . . Denying, as we did and do, all color of right to exercise any such general police over the flags of independent nations, we did not demand of Great Britain any formal renunciation of her pretensions; still less had we the least idea of yielding anything ourselves in that respect. *We chose to make a practical settlement of the question.*”

Now what was done in 1843 may well be done in 1858. No English statesman would care to ask any American acknowledgment of our *right* of visitation, if, without any settlement of that matter, the United States would agree to a “practical settlement” of the question between the two Governments. In 1843, in the words of Mr. Webster, “neither was any concession required by this (the American) Government, nor made by that of her Britannic Majesty,”—simply because the abstract point could well be waived

when the two Governments were quite united as to the aims to be kept in view and the course to be pursued. If the two Governments can come to a similar unanimity again, there is no reason why the abstract point should not again be waived. What concession, then, do we recommend? Any practical concession whatever that shall not paralyse our efforts to suppress the slave trade:—any concession that will convince the American Government that our commanders do not wish to detain any ship except on a real presumption of its being a slaver, and are quite desirous to concede the same right that we claim for ourselves to the commanders of the American squadron. One eminently practical suggestion has, for instance, been suggested by the *New York Times*, that every cruiser in the English squadron should have on board an American lieutenant to examine the suspected ships hoisting American colors, while every American cruiser in the anti-slavery squadron should have on board an English lieutenant to perform the same duty for any English flag of doubtful authenticity.

Now it is the plain duty of England to do all in her power to make it evident that no ambitious motives,—no motives of pique,—mingle with her purposes in this matter. She may do this by any measure short of an abandonment of her work or of destroying its efficiency,—by any measure that will bring home to the United States that our policy is dictated by a desire to render the service more effectual, and not by any shadow of desire to lord it over the navy of another country. But to give up entirely the *practice* of visiting suspicious vessels, would be utterly fatal to a policy which has long been one of the most honest and earnest national characteristics of the British Government. Every slaver might and would in that case run up an American flag, simply to avoid visitation; and our squadron might as well be recalled altogether as set to intercept vessels which could at any moment save themselves by the display of the Stars and Stripes. Let any needful apology for the past, let any desirable concession for the future, be made which does not interfere with the principle for which we have so long witnessed. Only through English perseverance can the nations of the world ever be banded together in order to put down this detestable traffic. If Great Britain once withdraw from that position, the reaction in favor of the slave trade, already great, would be rapid and terrible. But if Great Britain adheres firmly to her duty, she should at any rate prove to the world’s satisfaction that she asks nothing from others which she is not prepared to grant for herself, and cares not at all whether

it be for the present assumed to be a right, or a privilege, or a temporary compromise, by virtue of which we carry out plans essential to the success of our scheme.

From The Saturday Review, 12 June.

OUR ARMED ALLY.

DOWN to the middle of the present week, the Commission for inquiring into the best means of manning the navy was not yet issued; and if the Channel Fleet is to take the sea this summer, the existing machinery must be made to serve the necessary purpose. It is not surprising that a feeling of alarm, which may soon become a panic, should be rapidly spreading; for the majority of naval officers would probably be ready to avow that France at this moment holds the keys of the Channel. At Cherbourg and the other military ports of France, a force greater, perhaps, than our own is far more readily available. The French ships are fully equipped, the supplemental crews are collected in barracks; and at a few hours' notice they could be placed on board in perfect secrecy and safety. The increase of the army, the completion of the Cherbourg railway, and the recent summons to the seamen of the mercantile marine, are all circumstances which, in connexion with the unsettled appearance of political affairs, naturally tend to excite uneasiness. The inscription of sailors has been suspended, and there may be no present reason to apprehend a rupture or an invasion; but it is no trifling evil that in a time of apparently profound peace this country should be compelled to consider the prudence of arming. The Government may probably have received assurances and explanations which are necessarily unknown to the community at large; but unless the preparations on the other side of the Channel are speedily discontinued, it will be indispensable, even for the purpose of restoring public confidence, to make considerable additions to the strength of the navy. If a conflict should at any future time unhappily take place, the ultimate maritime superiority of England will be conclusively proved. To a certain extent, and in the absence of immediate menace, it may be better to rely on the consciousness of superior strength than to incur expense and provoke hostility by the constant display of force; but occasion from time to time necessitates precautions against the humiliation and temporary disaster which might follow a surprise, and the English Government ought to place the country in such a position as to ensure its supremacy at sea on the very shortest notice.

The political danger may be overrated, but it can scarcely be called imaginary. With our fleet in an efficient state, Englishmen

might look calmly for the results of movements which are perhaps unintelligible rather from confusion of purpose than from any inscrutable profundity of design. The apparent understanding between France and Russia, the wilful revival of disturbances in the Turkish provinces, and the French armaments which have been in preparation by land and sea, will be interpreted by different observers in a more or less alarming sense, according to their various temperaments; but the recent policy of the Imperial Government, whether it is significant or unmeaning, is undoubtedly a series of blunders. The French nation was willing to hope that the loss of liberty and of self-respect would at least receive some compensation in the maintenance of confidence and peace; nor is there any population in Europe less willing to incur additional burdens to gratify the ambition of its rulers. The indistinct menace of war, in itself disquieting, will provoke contemptuous indignation if it proves to be idle and ineffective; yet, on the other hand, it is evident that peace can only be disturbed by some wanton and deliberate aggression. The enemies of the Emperor probably do him injustice when they allege that he is obliged to humor the insolent caprices of the army; but the letters of the French Colonels, and the assassination of M. de Pène, prove that military license, though it may not be tolerated as a necessity, is kept alive as an available instrument of power. The public feeling is entirely averse to gratuitous schemes of conquest, and national vanity will certainly not be flattered by the exhibition of an aimless and fictitious pugnacity.

The foreign policy of the Empire has been puerile in its unsteadiness since the conclusion of the peace. By skill and good fortune, France had raised herself for the moment to a position in which she appeared the arbitress of Europe; but, although courted by Austria and supported by England, instead of persevering in the policy of the war, she suddenly threw herself into the arms of Russia, and began to tamper with the independence of Turkey. The new system is one which has often been recommended by French politicians, but it involves a condemnation of all the expense and loss which were incurred before Sebastopol. France has nothing to offer to her new ally except facilities for conquest in the East; and yet even the unintelligible efforts to favor the Bolgrad fraud, and to detach the Principalities from the Ottoman Empire, were but an insufficient compensation for the conquest of Sebastopol and for the Treaty of Paris. Russia was perfectly justified in welcoming the new alliance, but France has no equivalent to receive for the prostitution of her influence in the East. In peace,

the new political combination excites suspicion in every part of Europe, and in the event of a general war it girdles the French territory with alarmed and irreconcilable enemies. The renewal of the policy of Tilsit would necessarily revive the coalition of Aspern and Wagram; and perhaps the best proof that no invasion of England can have been contemplated at Paris is supplied by the menacing movements which have placed Germany on its guard. Louis Napoleon's present diplomatic game is a waste of time, as there is fortunately no stake on the board, but it does little credit to the skill of the player. If the Western alliance, which, according to official statements, is still cordial, were dissolved, there is little doubt that England could select her confederates at pleasure among the remaining Powers of Europe; for even Russia would not hesitate to court the friendship of the State which has the greatest opportunity of checking or of promoting her aggrandizement.

It is not pleasant to discuss the mode of guarding against the hostility of an ostensible friend and ally, but discussions on the national defences become necessary when French ships appear in the Adriatic at the same time that new fortifications are constructed along the Mediterranean coast. It is also desirable to protest against any exaggerated panic, and it may be safely asserted that no French Government, except under the influence of madness or of desperation, would, under present circumstances, attempt an invasion of England. If the attack were made, the result, according to all calculable probability, would be to replace the rival nations in the same relative position which they occupied on the morrow of Waterloo. The strength and resources of the British empire have been tried on many fields of battle in almost every part of the world, but no nation can put forth its whole energies except in defence of its own soil. With the largest military and naval force of volunteers which exists in the world, England sometimes presents a disadvantageous contrast to the Continental Powers from the absence of compulsory powers of enlistment; but if any foreign enemy desires to relieve us of a self-imposed restriction, it is only necessary that his forces should threaten our shores. The first rumors of invasion would give the Government a conscription of a million of men. The sight of a hostile fleet off our dockyards would revive, or rather supersede the powers of impressment; and two hundred thousand trained seamen, on board innumerable vessels, would laugh at the puny preparations of an enemy who, by making all his maritime resources habitually available, would have exhausted them in a single campaign. There are steamers enough in the

harbors of Great Britain to patrol the Channel as closely as the best watched street in London. There are tools, and skilful arms to wield them, which could convert any farm in the southern counties into an impregnable fortress in a week. Military men may be correct in their opinion that an invading armament might effect a landing; but little skill or knowledge, except a confidence in the spirit of the country, is required to prove that every portion of the force would have ultimately to choose between death and surrender. Since the close of the great European war, there has never been so large a force of regular troops as that which is now collected within the United Kingdom. The militia regiments still under arms would supply a body of more than 20,000 excellent soldiers, and a large number of those who were recently disbanded might, under the pressure of an invasion, be recalled to their standards in a week. The country which, after forty years of peace, within eight months from a wholly unexpected rupture, landed 54,000 unequalled troops on an enemy's coast 3000 miles from home, would assuredly not fail to defend its own shores in half the time with double the number of men.

It is difficult to dwell on the certainty, not of freedom from invasion, but of victory, without giving way to the temptation of unseemly boasting; but the enumeration of English resources is an argument in favor of the probability of unbroken peace. The ruler of France is not, as far as he has yet shown, an enemy, nor is he a fool or a madman; and he is perfectly familiar with the military and naval statistics of all his neighbors and allies. If he is indifferent to the ruin of his finances, and to the probable overthrow of his dynasty, he may possibly commit the crime of involving Europe in war; but when his legions demand with irresistible vehemence employment and plunder, a prudent leader would direct their march North, East, or South, but assuredly not to the inhospitable coasts of the British Channel. There are conquests perhaps to be made, or contributions to be exacted, on the Continent, and there is, in case of misfortune, a retreat; but the narrow seas would, for a defeated army, be harder to recross than the Rhine.

From The Saturday Review, 12 June.
THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

If any thing which the *Times* does could astonish us, we might regard with surprise the tone in which it has thought fit to adopt with respect to the very difficult and dangerous questions which have arisen between the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain. Any thing more mischievously unpatriotic could hardly be conceived, even

in columns which for the last few years have been sedulously devoted to writing down the civil, military, and moral reputation of England all over the world. What is the state of affairs which has called forth this cry of *peccavi* on the part of a journal which claims to speak in the name of the English people? A "row" has been got up by the filibustering class of the Slave States of America, who are making a tool of the national jealousy of England in order to destroy a system set on foot, with the nominal concurrence of the Cabinet of Washington, for the suppression of a traffic which the law of the United States has declared to be a piracy. At present we are utterly without reliable information as to the foundation of fact on which this clamor is raised. All that can be said is, that the greater part of the alleged grievances are grossly absurd and manifestly untrue.

It appears that, even at Washington, there are men who are capable of displaying a common sense and moderation which the *Times* must supremely despise. Mr. Mason took occasion to remind the Senate that as yet they had no foundation to go upon with respect to the rumored "outrages," except newspaper accounts. Hereupon the *New York Herald*, in a spirit, of which Printing House-square must be positively jealous, remarks:—"We have already stated that Mr. Mason is an old foggy, which, in our understanding of the term, is a man who is afraid of a fuss. On what ground does he ask the Senate to delay its honest and patriotic action? Because we have nothing but 'newspaper accounts.' Does Mr. Mason know what 'newspaper accounts' are? We will tell him what they are. Newspaper accounts, Mr. Mason, are the thoughts and deeds of the day. They are the life-current of the public mind. They have in them, in the journalism of a single day, more truth, logic, wit, knowledge, eloquence, and power than can be found in all the puny journals of the Senate for twenty years past," &c. &c. Really, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, we think we have heard all this before. It sounds to us very like imported thunder. However, the Yankee editor has at least this distinguishing merit, that he uses what he is pleased to call "the thoughts of the day"—and which he characteristically considers a sufficient substitute for facts—on the side of his own country, and not against her. But the itch of self-detraction seems so strong upon our English journalists, that all "their wit, logic, eloquence, and power"—the less said about "truth and knowledge," perhaps, the better—are exclusively devoted to demonstrating the necessity of an instant capitulation to a senseless clamor of which all rational Americans

are ashamed, on the unhesitating assumption that the English policy and the English authorities are hopelessly in the wrong.

We are asked, "Are we really to go on for ever with these anti-Slave-trade squadrons?" If there ever was a question on which the Government of England, acting under the direct and powerful pressure of English opinion, has taken a deliberate course—and, in spite of the sneers of the *Times*, we will venture to say a course worthy of a great Christian State—it is on this question of Slave-trade suppression. By the zealous and indefatigable efforts of our most eminent statesmen of all parties, we at last succeeded in establishing a system which we undertake to predict this country will not be the first to abandon, even though it were a thousand times less effectual than it has actually proved. England, by her moral weight, was enabled to obtain from all the Powers of civilized Europe a treaty by which they bound themselves to co-operate in active measures for the suppression of this nefarious traffic. And now this "crusade," as it is contemptuously termed, is to be sneered away, by likening it to some cock-and-bull story of a corporal's guard which was left to take care of great-coats in Portugal. Is it true that, since the quintuple treaty of 1841, England has seen reason to regret the policy on which she had embarked, or to relax the efforts in which she had solicited the co-operation of Europe? Those efforts have already been crowned with signal and unlooked-for success. Of the two great slave markets of the world—Cuba and Brazil—one has been completely closed, and thus half of the gigantic iniquity has been for ever stayed. The traffic of Cuba alone remains, to the shame of the Governments of America and Spain. So far is it from being true that the English nation has shown any disposition to flag in the "crusade," that towards the close of last session, on the motion of Mr. Buxton, an address to the Crown was unanimously voted by the House of Commons, praying Her Majesty to employ still more stringent measures for carrying into effect the policy of 1841. To this prayer the Queen returned the following reply:—"I have received your dutiful address, praying that I will employ all the means in my power in order to put down the African Slave-trade, and to obtain the execution of the Treaties made for that purpose with other Powers. You may rely on my earnest endeavors to give full effect to your wishes on this important subject." And then, one Saturday morning in June, 1858, we are to be asked,— "Is it necessary to add to what we have said before on the obvious certainty that this anti-Slavery crusade must come to an end?" And the whole matter is represented as a

mere bit of red-tape routine, which goes on not because any one in the world cares about it, but simply because officials are too lazy to put a stop to it. If we really are tired of the policy to which we have pledged not only ourselves, but the whole civilized world—if we took up the suppression of the Slave-trade as a whim, as the *Times* and the *Univers* pretend to believe, and are prepared, either from caprice or fear, to abandon a cause in which England has reaped more honor than in all the fields in which she has bled and conquered—at least let the change be honestly avowed, and the recantation be made with the publicity it merits. Let Parliament return to the foot of the throne, and solemnly conjure the Sovereign to desist from the efforts to which it so lately invited her.

The arguments by which we are urged to this cowardly capitulation at the first summons of the New Orleans filibusters are worthy of the cause on behalf of which they are enlisted. We are to give up all attempts to suppress the Slave-trade because America "must one day have fifty times our territory, and ten times our people"—because "it has no armies in India, no fifty colonies to be governed, no immense navy in commission"—because "the time must come when we shall have to contend on unequal terms with the United States on their soil, their shores, their seas, and generally in the New World." We say nothing of the prudence or the patriotism of this line of reasoning, used in the hearing of a people proverbially aggressive, and who are not unlikely to treat as it deserves, a nation which avows itself afraid. It is enough to say that it proves too much, as yet, for the stomach of the English nation. If this argument is good for the question of the Slave-trade, it is good for any other matter of dispute which may arise between the two Governments. If we are to give up to America, without remonstrance, an obligation to which that Power, in common with ourselves, has bound itself by a solemn treaty, merely because it is "a fast-growing younger brother, very saucy, self-willed, and more free for physical development than bound by moral ties," where are these concessions, avowedly extorted by terror, to stop? Suppose the Northern States, "more free for physical development than bound by moral ties," to be "saucy and self-willed" enough to intimate their intention of taking possession of Canada. If we are to surrender any thing and every thing to clamor, however groundless, for no better reason than that the population of the United States includes a class "who have been already worsted in old home quarrels with us—a starved-out peasantry, ousted tenants, dispossessed cottagers, the younger sons of younger sons, left-

handed workmen, unlucky speculators, disappointed politicians, men of every class who have seen and suffered the worst of the Old Country, the worst of all being that they inherit our restless, moody, ill-contented nature"—if our concessions are to be limited only by the demands dictated by malevolent hostility, our national humiliation will certainly not stop short at the question of the Slave-trade. Having laid down so wide a basis of cowardice, we may make up our mind to unceasing intimidation on their side and universal capitulation on our own.

But if the *Times* has menaces with which to threaten, it has also baits with which to allure. It appears that we want a counterpoise to the hostility of emigrant Irishmen; and this we are offered in the friendship of the Southern Slave-owners, at the trifling cost of abandoning our prejudices against the great "institution." "If the cotton-growers were, by the suspension of the Slave-trade agitation, left to the natural operation of their sympathies with the cotton-buyers, quarrels with England would become doubtful party questions, instead of furnishing a common fund of popularity to conflicting demagogues." And this is the policy which the "leading journal" gravely recommends to the English people. It is curiously illustrative of the blunders to which omniscience is prone, that a journal which specially plumes itself on its sympathy with popular opinion should at this moment be urging the English people to throw overboard Uncle Tom, for the purpose of securing the good-will of Simon Legree. The notion of negotiating an offensive and defensive alliance with a section of the United States against its own Government, on the basis of connivance at the Slave-trade, is an inimitable example of profound policy and lofty morality. The sublimity of such an original defies the possibility of caricature. The necessities of international relations sometimes impose upon a free people connections not very agreeable to conscience and taste; but when it comes to our "illustrious and faithful ally" the nigger-driver, the limits of political baseness seem to have been reached.

What makes this craven tone doubly unjustifiable is the undoubted fact that it is wholly uncalled for. It is not necessary for us formally to acknowledge that a war with the United States would be a great misfortune to this country. We did not require the assurance of Lord Malmesbury that there is no need for alarm. A war with the United States is out of the question, for the very simple reason that the United States have not at hand the means of making war. We remember a story current during the Russian struggle, of a conversation which took place between an English, and an American officer.

The American, with the modesty peculiar to his people, asked the Englishmen why "the Old Country did not come to them to show them the way into Sebastopol?" The reply was perhaps more conclusive than courteous. "For two reasons—first, because you have no army; and secondly, because you have no navy." We learn from the American newspapers that, since this affair has been in agitation, the Government of the United States has despatched all its available ships of war to the Gulf. With this reinforcement, the American squadron will number seven ships, mounting less than two hundred guns. Our ordinary fleet at present in the West Indies counts seventeen penants, with nearly four hundred guns. Even on the *Times's* principle, then, England can afford to behave with decency and self-respect.

If the American Government is able to establish any real and substantial grievance against the English cruisers, let the matter be fairly dealt with, like any other question of international discussion. Nothing but such language as that on which we have animadverted could expose this country to the suspicion of cowardice in admitting a proved wrong, or offering a reparation shown to be justly due. But the premature self-humiliation which the *Times* counsels is founded, not on the weakness of our case, but on the strength of our opponent. We are urged to give the wall to a bully, whether the rule of the road is for us or against us. We will say nothing of the baseness of such a policy—we content ourselves with remarking that, with such a people as the Americans, it is of all policies the most unsafe. There is no nation in whose character it is more ingrained to insult the timid and to presume upon the fears of the weak. We have no chance of dealing with such a people upon even terms, except by opposing a steady face to menace, and taking a firm stand upon legality and right. But this vantage ground is wantonly abandoned by the *Times* when it condescends to talk in a style which would not be creditable to a terrified shopkeeper, and which is utterly disgraceful to a journal that presumes to speak on behalf of a great people. The mischief done by such language to the real interests of the country is incalculable. How is the English Government to enter with dignity and self-reliance on a diplomatic controversy, if our press has already avowed, in a frenzy of fear, that it will surrender any thing and every thing, with or without just cause? This cowardly precipitation is the most dangerous spirit in which we can approach a dispute with the American Government. It is something worse than folly to dream that we can disarm a bully by seeking to deprecate his wrath. Discussion on the legal

bearings of the question at issue would be premature till the facts of the case are ascertained; but we earnestly trust that our Government, while it will not with foolish obstinacy defend any vexatious or excessive exercise of power, will have the manliness and self-respect to refuse to trample under foot great principles to which the English nation has exhibited a noble fidelity, and to which we believe it still steadfastly adheres.

From The Saturday Review, 19 June.
THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

WE have some reason to believe that the denial by the *Moniteur* of any increase in the French army and navy is capable of being partially reconciled with the undeniable increase of the French Army and Navy Estimates. More than one of the Kings of England, in the Middle Ages, when in financial distress, applied to his Parliament and vassals for a subsidy and aids on pretence of a war on the Continent: and having obtained the money, disbanded the army without crossing the water, and applied the greater part of the funds to his own purposes. Persons well acquainted with the habits of the French Government are of opinion that a similar expedient may have been adopted by the Ministers of the Empire, though with a less corrupt object. They think that of the 600,000 men of whom the French army now nominally consists, a part may exist only on paper, and that the money raised for levying and maintaining that part may have been carried to other departments of the Government in need of financial assistance. According to this theory, the EMPEROR has drawn really to pay his tailor's bill, though ostensibly for the purpose of buying a blunderbuss and slugs to shoot his neighbor. All that can be said is that a budget framed upon this plan may have its political advantages, but that it is rather agitating to the nerves of the neighbor. We cannot doubt, however, that the French army has been increased, and is at this moment larger than can be required for any domestic or defensive purpose, and it was only the other day that an order issued for re-arming the whole of its infantry regiments with improved weapons. Its aggressive powers have also, as a matter of fact, been materially increased by the completion of the system of railways converging upon Cherbourg, and of the vast quays for the embarkation of troops at that French Sebastopol, no matter by whom those works may have been projected or commenced. As little can it be doubted that the force of the French fleet has been raised to a height quite unnecessary for the purposes of self-defence, or for the protection of the French colonies or trade,

considering that, of the only two great maritime Powers, England is the cordial ally of France, and Russia is something more.

There is not the slightest evidence of any aggressive intention on the part of the French Government at the present moment, beyond the fact of its keeping up these vast instruments of aggression. It is only the loaded pistol perpetually held to our heads that begets any apprehension of a design to shoot us. But it is fair to the English journal which has given the alarm, and which has been blamed for giving it, to say that it is perfectly correct in stating that the apprehension of war cannot be greater in England than it is among Continental statesmen. It is probable, indeed, that if any inscrutable motive—panic, ambition, or evil counsels—should ever impel the ruler of France to pull the trigger of the deadly weapon which he holds in his hand, one of the nations of the Continent, not England, would be the mark. This country has indeed done as little as possible to deserve attack. The moral support of her Monarchy and Government has been lavishly bestowed on the Imperial adventurer, at the cost of alienating from her all the Bonapartist party in France. Her military alliance enabled him, at his need, to surround a throne of yesterday with a halo of that glory which is most dazzling to French eyes. If she has declined to violate at his desire the asylum under whose shadow he once reposed, the abhorrence expressed by her citizens of all attempts against his person has perhaps been more unanimous and effectual than that expressed by his own people. His administration has been discussed in our press with the same freedom with which we have discussed the administration of other foreign sovereigns, and with which he himself, when resident in this country, discussed the administration of his predecessor on the French Throne. But in this discussion he has had his panegyrists as well as his critics; and it is his own fault if a syllable of it ever meets his own eyes or those of any person in his dominions. Moreover, as we have before observed, it may be said without blustering, that a war with England would neither afford easy triumphs nor easily maintain itself; and no war which did not fulfil these conditions would answer any assignable purpose of the French Government, or suit the present state of French finance. Austria, which the publication of Orsini's letter to the Emperor of the French appeared distinctly to threaten, offers a much more succulent and more accessible object of attack. Belgium, where strong apprehension evidently prevails, would be helpless if she was not guaranteed. Spain now lies most dangerously open to invasion by way of Pampluna, and her internal disorders might fur-

nish the pretence for aggression which, amidst the universal desire for peace, it would be difficult in any other case to find. The fleet would then be used to keep the maritime Powers in check. But it would really matter little at whom the blow was first struck—the consequence must be universal war. Another outbreak of French military ambition would be a fire in the European edifice which all the inhabitants of that edifice must at once, on pain of ultimate destruction, combine their forces to extinguish. The miseries and horrors which such a conflict would bring on humanity are beyond the power of language to express; and we may hope, for the honor of our common nature, that the worst of the evil counsellors whom Louis Napoleon has about him would shrink from advising his master to incur such unutterable guilt. The bare fact that the power of making the civilized world an Aceldama is in the hands, and might be exercised by the anger, ambition, or panic of a single man, is an argument against despotism which ought to pierce the dulllest or most frivolous mind. We have made enemies, by our partisan exaltation of the Emperor, of large portions of the French people. But if it rested with the French people to decide whether there should be war with us or in Europe, we might hang the sword over the hearth, and let it rust in peace.

As it is, it would be wrong to anticipate criminal aggression, and wrong not to be prepared against it. We are happily not called upon to emulate France in the size of her standing armies, or to cause the same disturbance to the tranquility of nations and the progress of civilization in the world. The attachment which all the citizens of a free State feel to their Government and to each other is capable of being embodied into a force cheap, unaggressive, and perfectly innocuous to other nations, but of overwhelming power in defensive war. Lord Derby and his colleagues claim the credit of having been the first to put the militia on an efficient footing; and though the disbanding of a number of regiments at this moment is a questionable policy, it is to be hoped they will in this respect be true to their own traditions. The country gentlemen cannot be better, more honorably, or more influentially employed than in organizing and commanding such a force. They will find that, by doing so, they promote Conservatism much more efficaciously than by offering a hopeless resistance in Parliament to the abolition of the Property Qualification or the emancipation of the Jews. Not Mr. Bright himself, unless he is prepared to maintain that England ought to be left entirely unprotected, can object to the maintenance of a force which does not take a single man from the

plough, which does not expose a single man to the moral evils of a soldier's life, which does not tend in the remotest degree to keep alive the spirit or the fear of war in the world. The extent of our trade and the number of our colonies compel us to keep up a very large navy, which, being evidently maintained for purposes virtually defensive, ought to give no umbrage to other nations. But the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the mode of manning the navy, which we are glad to see has at last been appointed, may perhaps consider whether the militia principle is not capable of being applied in some degree to the manning of the Channel Fleet. The erratic and capricious habits of sailors would no doubt throw great obstacles in the way of such a plan. But it might possibly be feasible, by good pay and martial law combined, to keep a certain number of them together for the practice of gunnery and evolutions during a portion of each year, allowing them to engage in the coasting trade (so as to be within call on an emergency) during the rest. Such crews would no doubt be as inferior to those of regular men-of-war as a militia regiment to a regiment of the Line; but they might serve to turn every man-of-war in our harbors into a floating battery for the defence of our coasts.

The removal of General Espinasse, and the appointment of a civilian in his place, is rather a pledge of a more civilized government at home than of pacific intentions towards other countries. The readiness with which it has been interpreted as a pledge of peace only shows the sincere anxiety of this country to be on good terms with France. To the majority of Englishmen, the institutions which Louis Napoleon has established in France, and the acts by which he has established them, are as odious as their own institutions are cherished. But all Englishmen, from the highest Tory, to the most extreme Radical, are unanimous in desiring that our relations with the Government of France, whatever that Government may be, should be not only pacific but cordial. The Emperor has lived among Englishmen, and must know very well that they are capable of distinguishing between their political sympathies and their international duties, and of scrupulously fulfilling international duty where political sympathy does not exist. England is his faithful ally, if he is hers. But the perpetual menace of an immense armament ready to attack us at a moment's notice, is, in fact, hostility on his part. And should he persist in this menace, he must not wonder if the same conduct which adds enormously to his own financial difficulties also estranges allies who, in the midst of peace, are wantonly made to feel the alarms and bear the

cost of war. We may be in no danger, but at all events let us have an efficient Channel Fleet as soon as possible.

From The Press, 19 June.

THE AMERICAN FLURRY.

WE have not got authority to report, as the Neapolitan *savant* the other day was able to do, that the period of earthquakes is over for the present. In the dead calm of the American trade and the suspense of financial operations there are still many favorable conditions for an eruption taking place on an extensive, if not a sublime, political scale. The laws of such events are no longer accidental: they are now well ascertained; they recur with almost uniform certainty. Prudent Ministries take out a policy, and mutually insure each other's lives by means of them; political economists found theories upon them; a newspaper that desires to increase its circulation will exert a good deal of art in endeavouring to force them; and yet such is the popular ignorance as to the causes of periodical disturbance, that whenever such a disturbance occurs the world cannot divest itself of a vague feeling associated with something strange and subterranean and preternatural. Not the most remarkable phase of the present eruption, is the long, hot, fuliginous stream—no matter how long or how wide—which for some weeks past has been discharged from the American Congress. Beneath and behind this is a current of fierce republican fire which spouts forth in indignation meetings, and at times scales heaven in newspaper cascades, urging on the slow executive mass to accelerate what is called "one of the inscrutable designs of Providence for the working out the true and manifest destiny of the great Republic;" in other words, to "take possession of Canada, Cuba, Jamaica, St. Domingo, Mexico, and Central America," and "catawompously to chaw up" British humanity. Two years is the limit of time which the *New York Herald*, in its somewhat liberal arithmetic, allows for this national enterprise; and in a tone of severe warning bids the present English Government renounce what we were not aware they had ever accepted—the general war policy of their predecessors—directs them to make quick reparation and humble apology for Lord Palmerston's offensive action, and commands the British people, without further notice, and under enormous penalties, to cease henceforth from inconvenient philanthropy, and not to precipitate their ultimate doom. Further than this, the American Senate, through its Committee of Foreign Relations, has expressed its patriotism in a series of bellicose resolutions, declared its judgment that all visitation, molestation, or delation of vessels

sailing under the American flag is in derogation of the sovereignty of the United States, and conferred upon the President the extraordinary power which it gave to Van Buren in 1839, viz., the disposal of the available naval force, and a vote of 5,000,000 dollars, for the purpose of chastising British aggression, if again repeated in the waters of Florida or Cuba. Abolitionist as well as Pro-slavery Senators have merged their differences in common Anti-British repugnance, expressed in the debate upon this vote; several vigorous senators declaring themselves, after the manner of their country, as favorable to physical force rather than to arguments of low moral suasion; Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, "being unwilling to be smuggled into a war," but being desirous "to throw with all due solemnity the bloody spear;" while Mr. Toombs, from Georgia, who has been ready for war during the last ten years, and is indignant that the finest vessel in the United States navy is engaged at present in "towing a telegraph cable between two British dependencies," has at the two latest debates in the American Senate deported himself like a Transatlantic Cato, and made only one simple republican utterance—"that he wanted the two British ships taken." However natural and laudable such a patriotic design, and however soothing to the wounded spirit of Republicanism such a capture might be, there is an important obstacle in the way of its accomplishment. It is, according to the statistics which the Americans themselves show, not at all easy. The British squadron in the Gulf of Mexico is far the stronger force, numbering three guns to every one of the Americans. Taking into account every vessel we can fit out, as the Tribune is shrewd enough to perceive, for every additional gun that America can send England can turn against her twenty. Even supposing that an American vessel were to get on the track of the *Styx* or the *Buzzard*, there is an equal probability that the Yankee chaser might herself be chased; and American mental arithmeticians, however ardently patriotic, however emulous of following in the steps of Jefferson and Madison, and Polk, are too sensible not to see that retaliation and reprisal on the one side would only occasion irremedi-

able injury and hostility on the other. An American war, we are ready to concede, if it were likely, would change the aspect of affairs in the world. But it is not likely; and the world does not want violently changing at present. Such a war might forward the interests of politicians or Governments who have no character to gain and who have no credit to lose; it might answer the purpose of one or two European powers; it might reinstate in office certain gentlemen out of office who have more than once been politically unfortunate; it might serve the interest of a few slave-owners or holders of slave property; it might extend the circulation of the *New York Herald*, or restore the popularity by increasing the sale of the *Times*. Any or all of these ends it might accomplish, without accomplishing any one public benefit or advancing the great interests of England and America. Granting that America possesses in herself unbounded natural resources; that she has abundance of grain, and cotton, and sugar; that she can build a navy and man it after it is built;—when she has collected what remains of the army she found so difficult to levy against the Mormons—an element of intestine discord quieted, but not quelled—when she has distributed her eight hundred soldiers over thirteen thousand miles, recalled home her merchant ships—five million tons or thereabouts—from European or East Indian ports, has thrown off her Canadian, Australian, and British trade, and stripped herself for a hand-to-hand fight in behalf of such a prize as slavery, is it quite certain that her three and a half millions of slaves and her Indian population will look on as calm and indifferent spectators? England, while pursuing steadily the career of philanthropy and civilization she has ever pursued, and so long as she is still England she cannot renounce, is too calm to be ruffled or diverted from her path by these vulgar fanfaronades or pro-slavery bluster. She is so jealous of what is right that she cares not to forward even a good end by a little international wrong; and, fearless of misinterpretation or suspicion, she will waive what she might claim, leave to America all the reputation of her prostituted flag, and gain her old station on the shores of Africa.

INFLUENCE OF SCENERY.—It has been ascertained by the experience of self-observant men that, in a mind partaking of that kind of sensibility which is akin to genius, some degree of correspondence takes place between the habitual state of the imagination and the character of that scene of external nature which is most constantly presented to the senses.—*Fosteriana*.

THE BIG FIDDLE.—A shrewd clergyman was once tormented by his people to let them introduce the "big fiddle," or bass-viol, into the church. He told them the human voice was the divinest of all instruments of music; but they introduced their viol, and the old man rose, and said:—"The brethren will, if they please, sing and fiddle the thirty-ninth Psalm."

From The Englishwoman's Journal.

ROSA BONHEUR is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six o'clock and paints until dusk, when she lays aside her *blouse*, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of every thing around her, the first conception of a picture is frequently struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

Living solely for her art, she has gladly resigned the cares of her outward existence to an old and devoted friend, a Madame Micas, a widow lady, who with her daughter—an artist, whose exquisite groups of birds are well known in England, and who has been for many years Rosa's most intimate companion—resides with her, relieving her of every material responsibility, and leaving her free to devote herself exclusively to her favorite pursuit. Every summer the two lady artists repair to some mountain-district to sketch. Arrived at the regions inhabited only by the Chamois, the ladies exchange their feminine habiliments for masculine attire, and spend a couple of months in exploring the wildest recesses of the hills, courting the acquaintance of their shy and swift-footed truants, and harvesting "effects," of storm, rain, and vapor, as assiduously as those of sunshine. Though Rosa is fully alive to the beauties of wood and meadow—as we know from the loveliness she has transferred from them to her canvas—mountain scenery is her especial delight. Hitherto her explorations had been confined to the French chains, and the Pyrenees, but in the autumn of fifty-six she visited Scotland and made numerous sketches, in the neighborhood of Glenfalloch, Glencoe, and Ballaculish; and struck by the beauty of the Highland cattle selected some choice specimens of these, which she had sent down to Wexham Rectory, near Windsor, where she resided, and spent two months in making numerous studies, from which she has already produced two pictures,—“The Denizens of the Mountains,” and “Morning in the Highlands.” The Alps she has not yet visited, though constantly intending to do so. Her preference being for the stern, the abrupt, and the majestic, instead of the soft, the smiling, and the fair; Italy, with all its glories, has hitherto attracted her less powerfully

than the ruder magnificence of the Pyrenees and the north.

Among mountains, the great artist is completely in her element; out of doors from morning till night, lodging in the humblest and remotest of roadside hotels, or in the huts of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and chamois-hunters, and living contentedly on whatever fare can be obtained. Two years ago, being furnished by families of distinction in the Béarnais and the Basque provinces with introductions to the rare inhabitants of the region, the party pushed their adventurous wanderings to the little station of Peyronère, the last inhabited point within the French frontier, and thence up the romantic defiles of the Vallée d'Urdos, across the summit of the Pyrenees. Thanks to the letters they carried, the travellers were hospitably received at each halting-place, and furnished with a trusty guide for the next march. In this way they crossed the mountains, and gained the lonely *posada* of Canfan, the first on the Spanish side of the ridge, where, for six weeks, they saw no living souls but the *bourriqueros* (muleteers) with their strings of mules, who would halt for the night at the little inn, setting out at the earliest ray of morning for their descent on the opposite side of the mountains.

The people of the *posada* lived entirely on curdled sheep's milk; the sole article of food the party could obtain on their arrival. At one time, by an early fall of snow, they were shut out of all communication with the valley. Their threatened starvation was averted by the exertions of Mlle. Micas, who managed to procure a quantity of frogs, the hind legs of which she enveloped in leaves, and toasted on sticks over a fire on the hearth. On these frogs they lived for two days, when the hostess was induced to attempt the making of butter from the milk of her sheep, and even to allow the conversion of one of these animals into mutton for their benefit. Their larder thus supplied, and black bread being brought for them by the *bourriqueros*, from some village a very long way off, the party gave themselves up to the pleasure of their wild life, and the business of sketching. The arrival of the muleteers, with their embroidered shirts, their pointed hats, velvet jackets, and leathern breeches and sandals, was always a welcome event. Rosa paid for wine for them, and they, in return, performed their

national dances for her: after which they would throw themselves down for the night upon sheepskins before the fire, furnishing subjects for many picturesque *corquis*. As the *posada* was a police station, established there as a terror to smugglers, the little party felt perfectly safe, notwithstanding its loneliness.

With her Scotch tour Rosa was so much

pleased, that she will probably revisit a district from which she has brought away many agreeable associations, and a wonderful little Skye-terrier, named "Wasp," of the purest breed, and remarkably intelligent, which she holds in great affection, and for whose benefit she has learned several English phrases, to which "Wasp" responds with appreciative and grateful waggings of the tail.

TREASON OF GEN. LEE.—The New York Historical Society held its last meeting for the season at the rooms of the association, at the corner of Eleventh street and Second avenue. After transacting some preliminary business, the President introduced Mr. George H. Moore, the Librarian, who read an essay upon the Life and Character of General Charles Lee. This noted character in our revolutionary annals was described as a soldier of fortune, destitute of love of country, vain and egotistical, impatient of control, and a traitor to the American cause. General Lee was born in Great Britain, but he could obtain no promotion equal to his ambition in the British Service, and having made the acquaintance of Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, he entered his service shortly after his accession to the throne of Poland, receiving the commission of Major General in 1768. He became disgusted with the service and returned to England, where in 1772 some one ascribed to him the authorship of the Letters of Junius, a reputation which he was vain and untruthful enough not to disown.

Lee came to America in 1774, and purchased an estate in Berkely county, Virginia, where he became intimate with General (then Colonel) Horatio Gates. He early professed to sympathize with the patriots, and anticipated the supreme command of the continental army. This ambition was frustrated by the election of Washington, whose talents and military skill he constantly disparaged. In June 18, 1776, he was appointed Second Major-General, but before he would accept required Congress to pledge his indemnification for any losses which he might suffer. Renouncing his half-pay as a British officer, he then entered the American service. He was noted for great slowness in obeying orders from General Washington, and had a party in Congress that aimed at his elevation to the supremacy. He continually promulgated the opinion in speech and in secret correspondence with his brother officers, that the indecision of the Commander-in-Chief had led to the disastrous loss of Fort Washington and the other misfortunes of the American cause, and that all would be lost unless some one else had control of the forces.

Lee was finally taken prisoner at Bealstown, in New Jersey, displaying on the occasion the utmost poltroonery. The British ministry, re-

garding him as the strongest officer of the American cause, were elated at his capture, and favored the idea of punishing him as a traitor. But while in captivity, he employed himself in preparing a plan of accommodation between the colonists and the mother country, and communicated to Lord Howe the most feasible method of subjugating the states. It was to occupy the Chesapeake, conquer Pennsylvania and dissolve Congress, while Carleton should hold New England in awe and an invading army should pass from Canada southward, effecting the overthrow of the province of New York.

A manuscript copy of this plan, in Lee's hand-writing, (one of Norton's autographic importations,) was here exhibited. It was found recently in England among the papers of Lord and General William Howe, and endorsed with the name of that British General's Secretary, as "Gen. Lee's plan." It furnished incontestable proof of Lee's treason.

Gen. Lee died in 1782. His conduct at Monmouth and disrespect to Washington, had consigned him to disgrace, but his early services to the revolutionary cause secured for his memory the pitying silence, though not the respect of his military contemporaries.

Mr. Moore's paper occupied an hour and a half in delivery, and was crammed with the valuable results of original investigations. Many of the documents which he read had never been published, and threw a new and unexpected light on a very interesting episode of the revolution.

The large and distinguished audience present, warmly ratified the eloquent compliments and resolutions offered by Professor G. W. Greene at the close. Professor Greene justly said that Mr. Moore's paper was a signal instance of the importance of studying history in documents—in the original packages—and not alone in the elaborate narrative of the theorizing historian.
—N. Y. Evening Post, 23 June.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—What are called post-mortuary charities cannot be classed among the things done in the body, to which the apostle refers. If there is any merit in the deed, it belongs not to us, who, in reality, do it not; nor to our executors, or our children, who are obliged to do it.

From Household Words.

TOO WEAK FOR THE PLACE.

THE boy was never strong enough for the place. His age must have been about fourteen when he went there. He was inclined to be spiderish about the legs, and his memory was weaker than his body.

His parent (a mother, his father being dead) had asked him several times what he would like to be? She might also have asked him what he would like to do and to suffer? What could he say? They were poor, and he could not be apprenticed to any trade; and yet it was necessary that he should go to work. He made several inquiries about employment, without success, and in an evil moment he saw a bill stuck up in the window of a city tavern, "A strong, sharp, active lad wanted." He did not quite come up to the description, but he thought he would try. He was always a willing boy.

They engaged him upon trial at a few shillings a week, much to the delight of himself and his mother.

He began work on a Monday at seven in the morning; his duty being to assist in preparing the kitchen for the business of the day. It was a busy place that tavern—a rushing, tumbling, bawling, maddening, busy place—between the hours of twelve and four. Every man in the City of London seemed to run in there for luncheon, and to have no time to eat it in. Digestion and the nourishment of the human body, were seemingly considered to be things of very minor importance by the side of office appointments, transactions, operations, and the saving of a few minutes of time. The marvel is, why they came in at all—why they did not hurry along the streets, cramming pieces of bread into their mouths by the way, and washing them down by drinking from a flask constructed like a pocket-book. But no, they wanted something, and they came into the tavern to get it. When there, their individual tastes were as various as the cut of their coats, or the pattern of their waistcoats. If they had all been content to feed out of a huge bowl, and drink out of a huge mug, the kitchen of the tavern—notwithstanding its large fire in the heat of summer—would have been more like Paradise, instead of its antipodes. But the variety of food and

drink, which they called for, and which was supplied to them with electric rapidity, was something wonderful; while their combinations of eatables were remarkable for ingenuity, and originality.

The boy's employment at this period of the day was to attend to the sliding shelves which descended from the tavern floor to the kitchen, filled with empty plates, and which ascended from the kitchen to the tavern floor re-filled with the various eatables. He had another and a more onerous duty to perform, his ear was made the responsible repository of the crowd of motley orders which raced with fearful rapidity down a speaking tube. There was no time for thought, no time for repose. The powerful lungs of the master of the establishment were incessantly in action, giving out the mandates for endless food, in a bullying tone, that he imagined to be absolutely necessary to command attention. He was a bully by nature, this tavern-keeper. Stout, beetle-browed, and perspiring. Paid his way, and did not care for brewer or distiller. Why should he care for cooks, scullions, and stout, active boys?

At twelve o'clock mid-day this stern, well-to-do, determined tradesman took up his position ready for any thing. Orders were shouted down the tube to be in readiness. He felt like a General directing an army. At the turn of the hour, the avalanche of hunger came down upon the devoted building. Clerks, merchants, stockbrokers—no matter what their relative stations—small balance at bankers, large balance, or no balance—met in the temple of refreshment as on common ground, for the general craving for nourishment had made equals of them all. It is a warm day, and the occasion of the opening of a new Corn Exchange. Woe upon the luckless boy in the kitchen below. The tempest began with a rump-steak pudding, rump-steak pudding and French beans. Large plate of lamb and new potatoes; small plate and old potatoes; large plate again, and no potatoes—cauliflowers instead. Extra beans for the rump-steak pudding. Now, the steam is up, and cooks, scullions, and stout, active boy are in fearful agitation, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. Stern, perspiring, excited tradesman bawls down

the pipe, and demands that his words shall be repeated, to make sure that the order is clearly understood.

"One sausage!"

A feeble echo of sausage comes from the depths of the kitchen up the tube. Again the boy repeats the word to the man presiding over the gridiron: a glowing, dancing being, who with a long toasting-fork, keeps pricking, goading, and turning small steaks, lamb chops, mutton chops, kidneys, and sausages—about sixty in number, all frizzling together over the same fire. An incessant rumble is caused by the sliding shelves going up and down.

"Roast veal and ham; gooseberry tart; small plate of cold beef and horseradish; a roast fowl; large plate of boiled mutton, no caper sauce; rhubarb tart; extra cauliflower; large plate of roast beef, well done; small plate of roast mutton, underdone, greens, and new potatoes; small plate of veal, no ham; currant and raspberry tart; two rump-steak puddings; lamb chop and cauliflower; extra potatoes, new; mutton chop; large steak and greens; small plate of roast fowl; basin of oxtail; extra greens; two sausages; small of boiled mutton and new; kidney; four rhubarb puddings; now then, that roast fowl; small steak instead of oxtail; boiled mutton, lean; extra greens; summer cabbage instead of cauliflower with that lamb chop."

One after the other, these orders pour down the pipe, coming up executed in half dozens on the shelves. Perfect Babel and pantomimic madness below—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness above. No one would suppose eating capable of developing the latent talent for sleight of hand which seems to exist amongst the frequenters of this temple of refreshment. No one would suppose that much benefit could be derived from a luncheon or dinner taken in a crowd such as assembles at the pit door of a theatre, when free admission is given by order of Government on a great public holiday. All standing up—reaching over each others' heads—eating on the corners of counters—tops of casks—balancing plates in one hand, while carving with the other—hustling and jostling—ten times worse than a large rout in a small house in May Fair. Shouting of

orders, anxious glances at the clock, goading of excited perspiring tradesman, who adds fifty per centum to the goading, and shouts it down the pipe. The storm increases; the call for food becomes louder: the varieties are not distinctly marked. Names of meat and vegetables, fish, flesh, and fowl, pastry and salad, are mixed up together in hopeless confusion. The machinery is going wrong. Once the shelves come up with nothing on them, to be hurled down indignantly by stern proprietor. Again they rise to the surface with every thing out of order—potatoes standing in the midst of raspberry tart, and gooseberry pudding put in a butter-boat. A barman is ordered to take charge of the position, while the bursting proprietor rushes round to the kitchen to see what is the matter. Once more the shelves go down; once more they come up, containing a scrubbing-brush, and one pickled onion! The storm of indignation from hungry customers is overwhelming. Again the stentorian landlord nearly splits the pipe with reiterated orders, sent down in a whirlwind of rage. A sound of faint, weak, imbecile singing is heard below.

The proprietor goes down. He finds the kitchen a wreck. The dancing maniac at the gridiron has fled with two scullions to enlist in the army.

"Mon Dieu! the very cook is fast asleep, And all that bullock's heart is baking still!"

The artist of the establishment is lying supinely on his back at an open window. The boy—the stout, active lad—has given way under the pressure: his mind is a blank; he sits at his post, but he is an idiot!

City men are eccentric, and very exacting where labor is concerned; but they are kind, humane, and generous, notwithstanding. They felt that they were responsible for this sad state of things underground. A subscription was raised. The boy wanted repose (the cook had already taken it). He was removed to a lonely fisherman's hut on the Essex coast, far from the sound of every thing, except the sailor's song upon the river, and the washing of the water in amongst the sedges on the bank. His mind sometimes wanders, and his tongue babbles of strange and unknown dishes; but he is progressing favorably.